A THRILLING SERIAL, "ON WINGS OF THE WIND," BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXI, NO. 21. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903. Single Copies 5 Cents.

A DANGEROUS QUEST;

Or, The Fate of The Dauntless Three.

By Thomas P. Montfort.

Begun in No. 19, May 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

THROWN IN PRISON.

For ten long minutes the Americans were kept in this dreadful suspense. It was the cruelest suffering they had ever known.

Then Juan spoke. But he did not give the expected order. Instead of that he said:

"Men, lower your guns. They shall not die today."

The Americans drew a long sigh of relief. It was a welcome respite to them, though they felt assured that it was only a temporary and a short delay.

Maria and Antoinette were also greatly relieved and their faces showed it.

After a short pause Juan spoke again:

"Take the Americans to prison," he said. "We will postpone the execution until tomorrow. Take them away and see that you make them safe."

"You shall be obeyed," Alfonso replied. "When you wish to have the Americans brought into your presence you will need but to say the word. They will be kept safe."

"Very well. See that you make your promise good. And don't forget that those men are Americans, and that Americans are very devils for escaping."

"I shall not forget."

"See that you don't. Away with them."

Juan turned away and entered the old castle. The natives gathered about the prisoners and hustled them off toward their place of imprisonment.

As they were walking along Maria crowded through the guards and came to Minter's side. In a hurried whisper she said:

"I will save you if I can, and if you are ever free, for Heaven's sake, save me from a marriage with that terrible Juan."

Minter, without stopping a moment to consider what he was doing, replied:

"We will. We will never leave you to become the victim of that villain."

Dainton, overhearing the words of both, added:

"If we live we will save you from Juan. I promise you that."

"I thank you both," she replied.

The next instant she was pushed aside and crowded back to the rear.

The Americans were taken to the back of the old castle to a door that opened out of a solid stone wall. The door was massive and strong and doubly barred and locked.

Alfonso took a key from his pocket and opened the door. It creaked and groaned as it was turned back on its rusty hinges. Inside it was as dark as night.

"That is the place for you," Alfonso said to the Americans. "Enter and make yourselves at home."

Dainton gave one look at the forbidding prison, then thrust his hand in his bosom. When he drew it out it held the little pistol he had secreted in an inside pocket. As quick as a flash he leveled the pistol at Alfonso's head.

If he had been a second sooner Alfonso would have been killed. As it was some one touched Dainton's arm, causing him to miss his aim and killed a native. Before he could fire again he and his companions were shoved into the prison and the door closed on them.

They were in a dungeon. The darkness was so intense that they could not see each other. A death-like stillness reigned.

After a long pause Minter spoke.

"Boys," he said, "this does end it."

"No," Dainton replied, "this does not end it. We are here for only a few hours. Tomorrow we will be taken out and shot, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we escape."

Minter smiled.

"There is no prospect of that," he replied. "These walls are thick. that door is strong. We can never leave here until we are taken out to die."

"That may be true, but I don't know. As long as there's life there's hope. I wonder if those guns and that ammunition are not possibly stored here?"

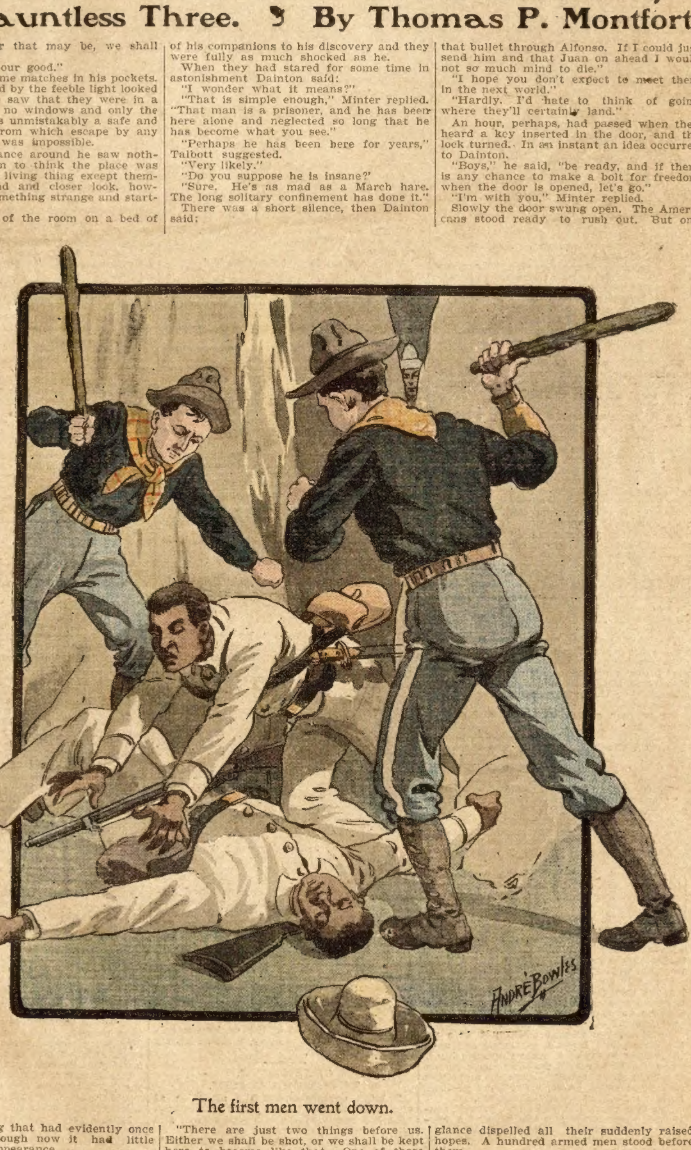
"What difference would it make if they were? They would be of no use to us."

"What difference! Why are we here, I would like to know? Wasn't it our mission to locate those things?"

"You are not thinking of our mission now, surely?"

"Certainly, I am. I shall think of it until it is executed or I am dead."

"The latter, I imagine, will be soon enough. The former never—at least by us."



The first men went down.

"Well, however that may be, we shall soon know."

"Too soon for our good."

Dainton had some matches in his pockets. He struck one and by the feeble light looked around him. He saw that they were in a large room with no windows and only the one door. It was unmistakably a safe and staunch prison from which escape by any ordinary means was impossible.

At his first glance around he saw nothing to cause him to think the place was occupied by any living thing except themselves. A second and closer look, however, revealed something strange and startling.

In one corner of the room on a bed of straw lay a thing that had evidently once been human, though now it had little enough of that appearance.

It was a man, ragged and dirty, with long hair hanging in tangled masses about his shoulders. His face was covered with long, unkempt beard, and the nails on his fingers looked like the claws of a wild beast.

He met Dainton's gaze with a pair of bloodshot eyes with which he stared through a part in his tangled mass of hair. He was a hiedous-looking spectacle, and as Dainton gazed on him he shuddered. He had never seen anything more disagreeable to the sight. He called the attention of his companions to his discovery and they were fully as much shocked as he.

When they had stared for some time in astonishment Dainton said:

"I wonder what it means?"

"That is simple enough," Minter replied. "That man is a prisoner, and he has been here alone and neglected so long that he has become what you see."

"Perhaps he has been here for years," Talbott suggested.

"Very likely."

"Do you suppose he is insane?'

"Sure. He's as mad as a March hare. The long solitary confinement has done it."

There was a short silence, then Dainton said:

"There are just two things before us. Either we shall be shot, or we shall be kept here to become like that. One of those two things will be our fate, unless——"

"Unless we escape," Minter interrupted, "which we certainly shall not."

"Well, I don't know," Dainton said. "It looks discouraging, to be sure, but something may transpire that we don't dream of."

"I devoutly hope so, but I can't expect it. It seems to me that nothing short of a miracle could save us."

"Well, whatever comes we've got to submit to it. I wish, though, I could have put that bullet through Alfonso. If I could just send him and that Juan on ahead I would not so much mind to die."

"I hope you don't expect to meet them in the next world."

"Hardly. I'd hate to think of going where they'll certainly land."

An hour, perhaps, had passed when they heard a key inserted in the door, and the lock turned. In an instant an idea occurred to Dainton.

"Boys," he said, "be ready, and if there is any chance to make a bolt for freedom when the door is opened, let's go."

"I'm with you," Minter replied.

Slowly the door swung open. The Americans stood ready to rush out. But one glance dispelled all their suddenly raised hopes. A hundred armed men stood before them.

One of the men with a lantern looked in. His gaze moved around till it rested on Talbott. To him he spoke.

"Come with us," he said. "Juan has sent for you."

Talbott refused to go, but a dozen armed men came in and took him out by force.

Then the door was closed and locked again. Then there was a short silence, after which Dainton said:

"I wonder what that means?"

"I don't know," Minter replied. "Perhaps they are going to take us out and kill us one at a time."

Dainton studied a long time.

"It may be so," he said, slowly, "and it may be that he is going to try to torture some information out of Talbott."

"If he is our turn will come next."

"Sure."

The man, or "thing," for it could scarcely be called a man now, that lay in the corner never moved. At first the Americans kept a watch on him, fearing that he might suddenly attack them in the dark. But after a time they felt assured he was harmless. He was so far as they were concerned, but there was one who would not have found him harmless by any means. That was Juan.

Several more hours passed. Dainton and Minter thought it must have been night for some time, but they had no idea of trying to sleep. They were sitting silently thinking when again a key was inserted in the door. They stood up and waited expectantly.

"They are bringing Talbott back, or else coming for one of us," Dainton observed.

"I guess so," Minter replied.

The lock was cautiously, softly turned, and the great heavy door swung slowly back.

It was dark without and at first the Americans could see no one. While they stood staring, trying to discover who had opened the door, a figure glided by them and passed softly out. It was the man who had been lying in the corner.

The next moment the door closed and some one struck a light. Dainton and Minter started with surprise. Before them stood a woman. It was Antoinette.

CHAPTER VI.

RESCUE AND FLIGHT.

"You here!" Dainton exclaimed.

"Hush!" Antoinette said, holding her hand up warningly. "Make no noise and come with me and I'll try to save you."

"But how came you here?" Dainton asked.

"It don't matter about that. This is no time nor place to stop to talk. Come with me, but make no noise."

She reopened the door, first extinguishing her light, and passed out. Dainton and Minter followed her.

Once outside she stole stealthily away from the building, using the utmost caution and now and then admonishing the men in whispers to do the same thing.

And caution was necessary, for, though the night was dark, there were sentinels posted all around the building, and they could be heard walking slowly to and fro on their beats.

The fugitives and their guide had gone some distance, and the former began to feel that their escape was assured, when a voice right at them called out:

"Halt!"

At the same moment a man stepped from behind a tree and presented his gun.

Dainton saw at a glance that in another moment the sentinel would give the alarm and all would be lost, so he jerked out his pistol and shot the man down in his tracks.

"Now, we've got to run for it," Antoinette said, hurriedly. "There will be a hundred men here within two or three minutes."

"Then run it is," Jack replied. "Lead the way and we'll follow."

Antoinette lost no time in setting the pace. There was a smart stretch of open ground before them, and beyond that was a forest. If they could only succeed in reaching the woods ahead of their pursuers they would stand a chance of escaping. She knew they would soon be pursued, and that every possible effort would be put forth to recapture the Americans when their escape was known.

They had not got more than half way across the open space when they heard footsteps behind. Antoinette knew what that meant and redoubled her efforts. She also urged the others on, at the same time admonishing them to make as little noise as possible.

Pretty soon a gun was fired and a ball came whistling over their heads. Another and another shot followed in rapid succession, and the balls sang by too close for comfort.

"They're getting close to us," Dainton whispered.

"Pretty close," Minter answered.

"Another minute or so and we'll be in the forest," Antoinette said.

They all hurried on, but the footsteps followed, and the shots continued. One ball cut through Dainton's hat, and another grazed Minter's arm. That was getting closer yet.

But at last they reached the woods and plunged in among the bushes. There was a great advantage in this, but it was not all on the side of the fugitives. They had the trees and the bushes to shield them from their enemies' shot, but on the other hand they could not move among the bushes without making so much noise as to let their whereabouts be known. Still they went on, with the bullets flying about them.

Presently they reached a little path that led out into the woods. By following this they were enabled to move along without making so much noise. This threw their pursuers off their track a little.

However, the islanders did not give up the chase, but instead scattered out over the woods to make a more thorough hunt. They could be heard stumbling along among the bushes in every direction, and here and there could be seen the light of their lanterns flashing among the trees.

For two hours the flight and pursuit continued, then, coming to the base of a towering mountain cliff, Antoinette halted. The face of the cliff was perfectly smooth and perpendicular and stood up three hundred feet. At the base was a little triangular spot, hemmed in on two sides by the mountains, while the approach to the other side was almost entirely cut off by two large rocks that towered twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground.

Between the two rocks was a narrow opening which furnished the only means of reaching the small inclosed triangular opening. It was just wide enough to admit of the passage of an ordinary man.

Antoinette knew of this place and her aim from the first had been to reach it. She passed through the narrow opening and the two men followed her. When they were all inside she dropped to the ground, exhausted and panting for breath.

It had been a long and hard chase, especially for a woman, and one with less grit and determination than she would never have held out as she had. But Antoinette felt that two lives were depending on her and she never had a thought of giving up as long as she could move one foot after the other.

When she had recovered her breath a little, she said:

"This is the best place I know of for you. It is a good place to hide, and then if you should be discovered and attacked it is the best place in the mountains for you to defend yourselves against superior numbers."

In the darkness Dainton and Minter could not make out their situation. But they had trusted Antoinette so far and were perfectly willing to go on trusting her.

"If you say this is the best place for us," Dainton replied, "then here we stop. In this army you are the general and we the private."

"Thanks. I think I have shown you that I know how to lead a retreat. If that is good generalship, make the most of it. But, seriously, this is a comparatively safe place for you. All you have to do is to lie quietly here until morning, then steal away through the woods and return to your friends."

"Can we succeed in doing that?" Minter asked.

"You can by using caution."

"Then we would better go."

"You forget, don't you, Minter?" Jack said.

"Forget what?" Minter asked.

"Two things."

"What are they, Jack?"

"First, we have not executed our commission yet."

"No; and we are not likely to ever execute it ,and if we stay here we'll get ourselves executed instead."

"That may be, but if such is a part of the program we must submit to it."

"But the other thing I forgot?"

"Our promise to those two girls. We promised to save them."

"I remember."

"And we must keep to our word."

"We must."

"But you may lose your lives if you remain here to try to aid us," Antoinette said.

"So be it. We will not break our promise. We shall stay. But, tell me, Antoinette, how you ever managed to get us out of that dungeon."

"It was easy, Senor, very easy. Alfonso carries the keys. Alfonso loves me, at least he says so, and he would marry me. I hate him and would die rather than become his wife. Last night, however, when he came to see me I smiled on him and pretended that my heart was his. I plied him with wine that was drugged, and he drank heavily because I asked him to, and because I first touched the goblet with my lips. He became drunk. He slept. Then I stole the key from him. That is all. It was easy, very easy."

She spoke as though she had done nothing worthy of mention, yet Dainton and Minter knew that she had performed a bold, brave deed and that she was a heroine. After a moment, Minter said:

"And your friend. Had she no hand in all this?"

"You mean Maria, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Alas, no; she is in no position to do aught for herself, much less others."

"Why?"

"She is a prisoner."

"She a prisoner?"

"Yes; she angered Juan by her conduct today and he ordered her locked in her own room and placed a guard over her. He is going to compel her to become his wife!"

"The villain!" Minter exclaimed.

There was another silence. It was broken by Dainton. He said:

"Then our friend and comrade, Talbott. Do you know anything of him?"

"Yes; he is at the old castle. He has his liberty, but is closely watched. Juan and he seem very friendly. That is all I know. You can form your own conclusions."

"Surely, he has not deserted us and gone over to the enemy! Surely, he cannot have been so base as that!"

"It is hard to believe that such a thing can be," Minter replied, "yet—well, it looks bad for Talbott."

"It does. It looks very bad."

"Well, I must return home," Antoinette said, "or they will suspect me. You remain here until I come again. I will be here some time tomorrow. Good night."

She glided away in the darkness and disappeared in the woods. Dainton and Minter, finding everything quiet about them and feeling that they were in no immediate danger, finally stretched themselves on the ground and went to sleep.

When they awoke it was morning. They sat up and listened and there was a peaceful quiet all about them. Presently Dainton arose and walked over to the opening between the stones to look out. At the first glance he fell back in astonishment, his face a picture of horror.

There, just outside of the enclosure, collected close around the gap, were at least a hundred islanders.

CHAPTER VII.

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Dainton comprehended the situation at once. The natives had in some way discovered his and Minter's place of refuge and were preparing to besiege them.

That they, being only two, and practically unarmed, could defend themselves any length of time against a hundred heavily armed men did not appear at all probable. Yet Dainton never had any other thought than to make the best defense in their power.

A single glance showed him that he and Minter had one very decided advantage in their favor. Owing to the narrowness of the gap only one man could enter at a time, and the enemy could do no damage with their guns so long as the Americans kept out of direct range with the gap. It required but a moment for Dainton to form his plans of defense and make them known to Minter.

In the small enclosure grew a few small trees. With their pocket knives the Americans each cut a strong club four or five feet long, with these clubs they hastily planted themselves, one on either side of the gap. Their idea was to knock their enemies in the head, one at a time, as they tried to pass the gap.

"We must take them turn about," Dainton whispered. "I the first, you the second, and so on. And be sure to strike to kill, and let no man escape. Our lives depend on it."

"I'll do my best," Minter answered.

It seemed to the Americans that they had stood there waiting for almost an hour before the enemy made any move, though perhaps it was not nearly so long. Once while they waited they overheard some words spoken by two of the men in Spanish. One of them said:

"That was a bad business about Juan and that horrible creature last night, wasn't it?"

"Very. They say Juan will not die, though."

"No; he'll recover, but a little more and it would have all been up with him. That creature broke into Juan's room and cut and slashed him terrible. Ugh! It was the most hideous and most desperate-looking thing I ever saw. It seemed scarcely human."

"Wonder who it was and where it came from?"

"It is thought that it must have been a prisoner who escaped from that dungeon at the same time the Americans did."

"Why, I didn't know there was any prisoner confined."

"Neither did I; but I suppose there must have been."

"Have you any idea who it was?"

"It seeems scarcely possible, but I've heard it whispered that it was Pedro Villero, who was supposed to have been dead for two years. You know he would never consent for Juan to marry his sister, and when he suddenly disappeared one day some people believed Juan had killed him. Now they think he has kept him locked up in that dungeon all this time."

"And that he escaped last night when the Americans did?"

"Yes."

"Wonder how those Americans got out?"

"Oh, somebody opened the door for them."

"No one knows who, I presume?"

"I don't, I'm sure. I believe, though, Alfonso has an idea who it was, but he won't tell."

"Say, if that was Pedro Villero it is a wonder that he remembered Juan after two years, and him insane, too, isn't it?"

"Yes; but the remarkable thing is that he didn't remember anybody or anything else. Seems that what little mind he had was all centered on Juan and a desire for revenge. And fight Why, he fought till Juan shot him six times, and as he fell forward, dying, he stabbed Juan almost to the heart."

A silence succeeded these words, then after the lapse of a few minutes a man came creeping stealthily up to the gap. Dainton lifted his stick and waited. The man paused a moment, listened, but hearing nothing, crept nearer, and slowly and cautiously poked his head into the opening. He held his gun ready for use and advanced his head inch by inch. Dainton quietly waited with uplifted club.

A minute passed and then the head came into view. The next moment Dainton's club descended and the man went down a lifeless corpse.

The islanders, seeing their comrade fall, set up a wild yell and made a rush for the gap, to try to force a passage. But Dainton and Minter were ready for them.

The first man that came in sight went down under a blow from Minter. The next received a blow from Dainton. Still they came on, and so fast as they did they met death at the hands of the Americans. Not one got through and not one escaped.

It was queer how those people rashly persisted in rushing into sure and certain death. They seemed to have lost all reason.

It was a veritable slaughter, and the Americans sickened at the sight, but they did not desist. Their lives were at stake, and with them it was merely a matter of self-defense and self-preservation.

They felt that it was a hard and cruel thing to stand there and knock human beings in the head like so many hogs, but they felt that it would be a crueler thing to be shot down themselves or else lay for years in that dungeon and become such pitiable objects as the "thing" they had found there.

Finally the islanders drew away and stood a little back, while their leaders consulted on the situation. Evidently they had at last come to the conclusion that it was not going to be an easy matter to force the passage.

There was a long silence, and it grew so still without that Dainton decided the enemy had given up and retired. Anxious to learn what they had done, he ventured to poke his head forward so that he could peer out.

It was a very foolish thing to do as was soon proven. The moment his head came in sight a stone whizzed through the passage, striking him just above the ear and knocking him senseless.

The islanders saw what they had done, then, feeling that they had gained an advantage, set up another whoop and again attempted to rush the passage.

Minter stood his ground and received them, plying his club with all his energy. But he was alone now, and they came so thick and fast that it was all he could do to attend to them. He did not know how long they would continue to push forward, but he felt that if they kept it up a great while he should finally lose, for his arms were growing tired, and the terrible butchery gave him a feeling of nausea that brought on a weakness. He was not hardened to such barbarous work.

The contest kept on until Minter began to debate with himself whether or not he hadn't better give up. His form had been seized with a trembling and there was a queer uncertain feeling about his head. A kind of vertigo had seized him.

He believed that he could not stand up much longer, and every time he wielded his club he staggered.

Still he kept on raining blow after blow, though each time his club fell he felt it was the last.

It was certain that he could not continue the fight much longer and that if something didn't happen out of common, and that soon, he was doomed.

CHAPTER VIII.

But something did happen, and it happened just in time to save Minter. What it was he had no idea. All he knew was, that, just as he was on the point of giving up the fight, his assailants suddenly desisted, and the next moment, with a loud, terrified yell, went dashing away into the woods.

At first his mind was too much disturbed to think connectedly, so he stood for a little while in a kind of stupor, thinking in a dazed way of all that had been going on. But by and by his thoughts became clearer and then he began to wonder what had happened.

He was a little chary of showing his head, remembering Dainton's fate, but finally his curiosity conquered, and he ventured to poke his head out through the narrow gap to see what was going on.

One glance revealed to him the terrible truth, and he stood gazing off to the south, dumb with wonder and terror-stricken to the bottom of his soul. In an instant he forgot that he was exhausted—forgot everything that had transpired—and with a quick bound started away into the forest in the wake of his assailants and enemies.

However, when he had gone but a short distance he remembered Dainton. Then he stopped short in his flight and turned back.

"I will not be such a coward as to leave a friend who has stood by me as Dainton has," he said. "If he cannot escape I will stay with him, and if one must die we will both die together."

He hurried back to the gap, but before entering the enclosure took one long and searching look at that thing which had created such sudden and fearful consternation. As he looked he shuddered and trembled, and his knees smote together. For the first time in his life he was overpowered by fear, still he gazed, fascinated and spellbound.

What he saw was a thing well calculated to terrorize the bravest of men, because it was a thing against which man was powerless—a thing that defied him in all his efforts to protect and defend himself—a thing against which man was as impotent as a babe.

That thing was one of those awful south sea storms which sweep the earth with an angry fury that seems possessed of a million demons.

Looking off to the south Minter saw the storm approaching. To him it appeared like the advance of a solid, pitch-black wall, over the face of which played incessant streaks of lightning. It was accompanied by a deafening, roaring noise, that, as the storm approached nearer, became fearful to hear.

It was an awful and an awe-inspiring thing, and it was no wonder that even as brave a man as Minter quailed and shrank before it.

In the vivid flashes of lightning he could see out on the ocean, where the waves were rolling and tossing like great mountains, and where the waters were tossed up in spray hundreds of feet, forming a wild, turbulent scene that was grand, sublime and indescribable.

On land he saw great, majestic trees, that had stood for centuries, and whose roots were set firmly in the deep soil, torn rudely up and tossed like feathers on the breast of the storm. Great rocks, weighing hundreds of tons, that for ages had crowned the crests of island hills, and through all that time had withstood every effort of nature to dislodge them, now rocked and rolled like tops, and at last came crashing down the hillsides crashing trees and shrubs before them.

After a time Minter hurried into the enclosure and grasping the unconscious form of Dainton in his arms dragged it over against the south wall and sheltered it under the rock as well as he could. Then he crawled in and crouched down by Dainton's side. The rock overhung slightly and offered a little protection, but it afforded no safe retreat by any means.

Moment by moment the roaring of the storm became more and more intense, showing that it was sweeping across the heavens.

In these lightning flashes Minter could see great trees bend and sway before the wind, then topple, and with a great crash go down all about him. The very rock behind which he had sought shelter—the mighty mammoth stone that seemed almost a mountain in itself—rocked and trembled as though a thousand powerful giants were behind it attempting to move it from its bed.

After awhile he looked up to the top of the high hill which towered above him at the rear of the enclosure. Away up there he saw something that brought from him a cry of alarm.

Right at the top of the hill, right on the brink of the precipice, directly over his head, a great stone, as large as a house, hung suspended, half in space, rocking and trembling, and threatening at any moment to lose its balance down at a maddening rate of speed, and that in a very little while it would be upon our friends.

Crouching down there in his helplessness and despair, Minter thought of Maria, and wondered where she was, and if she had been killed by the storm. He forgot his own danger in a moment and all his thoughts were concentrated on her, and all his anxiety was for her safety.

He thought it all over—her dangers and chances of escape, and then with a hopeless, sickening sensation possessing his mind and soul, he wailed aloud:

"She is lost. My sweet, loving Maria is dead, mangled and crushed by this cruel storm."

Then with a terrific burst the storm broke upon him, and in an instant he was surrounded by a midnight darkness, broken only by the flashes of lightning that darted angrily in zig-zag lines and came crashing down upon him.

He crept back against the wall, crouching there in fear, and waited for the end. Dangers were too thick about him to admit of any hope of escape, and every moment he expected the next would be his last.

It was the most terrible time of his life, and he felt more hopeless and helpless than he had ever felt before. Even the terrible sufferings he had experiencd during his imprisonment in the old castle were nothing compared with what he experienced now.

There is that about a great storm which causes a man to realize his utter insignificance. There is something about it which impresses him with the fact that a mightier spirit than man is abroad—a power that rules over every other power, and before which man is a puny, helpless thing. A man who will boldly and dauntlessly face a loaded cannon, or a line of bristling bayonets, will cower in fear and trembling before a raging storm.

Minter lived an eternity in the few minutes that the storm lasted; and he suffered a thousand deaths as he sat there in awful suspense watching that great rock that hung above him like a hand of fate, threatening to crush him at any moment.

He was in such suspense that he could scarcely breathe, and his heart beat with such force that he could hear every pulsation. He wished that death would come and end it all, so that the killing suspense would be over.

"If I have to die why cannot death come at once?" he mused. "Why must I be tortured to death by inches? Why must I suffer a thousand deaths by all this waiting?"

At that moment a tree snapped from its stump and came crashing down into the enclosure. Its top just brushed the big rock that hung above him. It did not strike Minter or Dainton, but what did it matter?

There was a worse thing than that. The thought of escaping death from one source only to meet it from another is no comfort.

To escape one danger only to stand face to face with another and a greater affords no room for congratulations.

This was Minter's situation. Death and destruction was abroad in the island, and he felt that he was doomed.

He looked up and saw the great stone rock and tremble, then slowly sink forward, and the next moment come rolling down right toward him.

In next week's issue of the Ledger another installment of this absorbing story will appear. All subscribers are offered our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

FROM THE BENCH.

A Judge Commends Pure Food.

A Judge of a Colorado Court said: "Nearly one year ago I began the use of Grape-Nuts as a food. Constant confinement indoors and the monotonous grind of office duties had so weakened and impaired my mental powers that I felt the imperative need of something which neither doctors nor food specialists seemed able to supply.

"A week's use of Grape-Nuts twice each day convinced me that some unusual and marvelous virtue was contained therein. My mental vigor returned with astonishing rapidity; brain weariness (from which I had constantly suffered) quickly disappeared; clearness of thought and intellectual health and activity which I had never previously known were to me the plain results of a few months use of this food.

"Unhesitatingly I commend Grape-Nuts as the most remarkable food preparation which science has ever produced so far as my knowledge and experience extends." Name and address furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The judge is right. Grape-Nuts food is a certain and remarkable brain builder and can be relied upon. There's a reason.

Ten Minutes Behind Time.

BY HERO STRONG.

At the time of which I write, several years ago, there wasn't a likelier fellow on the line than George Kirke.

He was the son of a poor man, and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of today.

Somehow, nobody knew exactly how George had managed to pick up a good education, and he had polished it off, so to speak, by a two years' course at a commercial college, which they tell me is a school where they teach something as is practical, and not them Greek roots and Latin folderols that is drilled into young men's heads in our universities. I ain't much in favor of colleges, I ain't; without meaning disrespect to anybody, I must say that most of the young men that I have known as has "gone to college," has come out not knowing a grain more'n when they went in, unless the art of parting their hair in the middle, and calling their father "Governor," may be reckoned as extra knowledge.

And if I had sons, as sure as my name's John Garth, I'd send 'em into the backwoods to learn to scalp Indians and to hoe corn before I'd let 'em agonize through a four-years' course at one of our fashionable universities for the sake of getting A. B. writ after their names.

But then most folks ain't like me, and every one has his own ideas, and the country's a free one.

Kirke began on the Stony Hill Railroad when he was about twenty-one or two year old. First, he was a brakeman. This railway business is a regular succession, and, generally speaking, a man has to work his way up. It ain't often that he gets right up to the dignity of a conductor at one step, with the chance to pocket stray dimes, and the privilege of helping all the good-looking and well-dressed ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with babies and parcels in their arms, stumble out as best they may, while he is engaged in "talking to a man."

George did his duty so well that he was soon promoted to fireman, and after he had learned the workings of the machine he was engineer and given an engine.

The engine was one of the newest and best on the line, and was called the Flyaway, and George was mighty proud of her, you may well believe.

I tell you, sir, your true engineer—one as is out-and-out for the business, and feels his responsibility—takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race-horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect his sweetheart, to keep the brasses and figures of his machine so's you cauld see your face in 'em.

There was another man wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after every paying job.

Jack Halliday had been waiting for some time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and when he lost it he was mad enough to pull hair. He was a brakeman, likewise, and had been on the road full two years longer than Kirke, and it would seem that the chance really belonged to him, but he was a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, with independence enough to have set Emperor William up in business and still have had some left.

When Jack realized that George had got the inside track of him, his anger was at white heat. He cursed Kirke, and cursed the company, and old Whately the superintendent, and things generally, until it seemed to be a pity that there was not something else to curse, he was in such fine cursing order.

There was more than one thing which made Jack Halliday down on George Kirke. George had been his rival in many respects, and particularly where the fairer part of creation was concerned. George was a great favorite with the girls, for he was handsome, and generous, and good-natured, and Jack was sarcastic, and always on the contrary side, and the girls avoided him, as they always should such a man.

We all expected that ill would come to George from Jack's bad blood against him, and we warned him more than once; but he always laughed, and reminded us of the old saw that "barking dogs seldom bite," which is true in the man.

And, as the time went on, until two, three, four months had passed since Kirke's promotion, and nothing occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of evil, and if we thought of the matter at all, we concluded we had wronged Halliday by our suspicions.

It was a dark night in November, with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearances of rain.

I was at Golosha, the northern terminus of our road, looking after some repairs on a defective boiler, and I was going down to New York on the 7:50 train—Kirke's train.

About 7 there came a telegram from old Whately, whose summer residence was nearly midway between Golosha and New York, and the old heathen had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator came into the engine house where Kirke was at work—for he was always at work—and read it to him. Kirke made a note of it in his pocketbook.

"Pay train on the line. "Will meet you just west of Leed's, at 10:15. Shunt on to the siding at Dering's Cut, and wait. WHATELY."

Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off a train, so that he could make no mistake in the time.

He glanced at the clock, and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour—7:15.

"Seven-fifteen," said Kirke, meditatingly, "and we leave at 7:50, and the pay train meets us at Dering's Cut at 10:15. Scant time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed."

And he turned away to give some brief orders to the fireman.

Jack Halliday was there—he had been strolling in and out of the room for the past half hour, smoking a cigar and swearing at the bad weather. His train did not leave until near midnight, so he had plenty of time to swear.

We all went to the door and took a look at the weather, and unanimously voted it deuced bad, and then we walked up and down the platform and smoked our after-supper cigars, and by the time we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting into their places. Both the clock in the engine-room and Kirke's watch indicated 7:40.

Kirke was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:

"Garth, are you going with me on the Flyaway?"

"No, thank ye," said I; "I get enough of that sort of thing in my everyday life. I am going to do a little swell business tonight, and take a passage in the palace car. Want to rest my back. Good-night to ye, and hold her in well round Rocky Bottom curve. The road-bed's a little shaky."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Kirke, and swung himself to his position on the Flyaway.

The bell rang—I scrambled to my compartment in the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths and smells of musk. But I was in for "first-class" and made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after Gibson, who fancies he owns all creation because he has got a silver coffin-plate on his cap with "Conductor" on it, had shouted: "All aboard!" I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to effect the fate of Kirke's train I learned afterward.

Old Whately, the superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence in Leeds, on a mountain spur, which commanded a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction for fifteen miles, and Whately was wont to say that his lookout was worth more to the safety of trains than all the telegraph wires on the line.

Whately was a rich old buffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in looking after the road hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter; and Floss Whately was the belle of the country. She was brave, beautiful and spirited, and more than once when her father had been away, had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains, and she had always acquitted herself with credit.

Old Whately was very proud of her, as he had a right to be, and he kept all the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended keeping his daughter single until the Czar of all the Russias came on to marry her.

That night in November, old Whately and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peering through the gloom and fog for the signal lights of the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

"It's devilish strange it doesn't come in sight!" said Whately, laying down his night-glass in disgust. "It is hard on to 10 now! They ought to show their light round Spruce Pond by this time."

"You telegraphed them, father? You let them know the pay train was on the road?" asked Floss.

"To be sure. And, good Heaven! there is the headlight of the pay train now! See! not ten miles away, and running like the devil, as it always does!"

He pointed with trembling finger down to the valley gorge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a bright light, scarcely moving, it seemed, but those anxious watchers knew it was approaching at lightning speed.

Father and daughter looked at each other.

The truth was evident. For some reason the train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it would not reach the siding at Dering's Cut until the pay train had passed beyond on to the single track! And then? Why, there would be another item for the morning papers to read under the head of "Appalling Railway Disaster!" and a few more homes would be rendered desolate, and a few more hearts would be made to mourn.

Father and daughter looked at each other in dismay.

"Is there time?" asked the old man, tremblingly.

"Selim can do it," said Floss, quickly. "If I can reach Leeds five minutes before the train—yes, two minutes—all will be well. Do not stop me, father!" as he laid a hand on her arm.

"But you must not go! It is dark and dismally lonely! No, Floss!"

"I shall go, father! Selim knows only me, and you could not ride him. I have ridden darker nights. And he is the only horse in the stable! Don't you remember? The other horses were sent to town yesterday."

Before old Whately could stop her, she had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim, and she was already buttoning on her riding habit with rapid, nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door. Floss sprang into the saddle, leaned down and kissed her father's forehead.

"Pray Heaven to speed me!" she cried, hoarsely, and, touching the horse with her whip, he bounded down the sharp declivity.

It was raining steadily now, and the gloom was intense, but Selim was used to the road, and he was sure-footed, and his rider was courageous. She urged him on at the top of his speed, up hill and down, through Pine Valley, over Pulpit Hill, and then she struck upon the smooth road which stretched away to Leeds two miles, and straight as an arrow.

She could see the headlight on the pay train far down the valley, distinctly now, and to her excited fancy it seemed but a stone's throw away. She even thought for a moment that she heard the grind of the wheels on the iron track, but, no! it was only the soughing of the wind in the pines.

On, and still on, she went. Selim seemed to fly! One might have fancied that he knew his mistress was on an errand of life and death. The lights of the station were in view—nay, she even saw the station master' white lantern as he strolled up and down the platform—the white lantern which was to signal the approaching train—to tell them to go on, for all was well! On to their doom!

She dashed across the railway track, flung the reins to an amazed bystander, and, striking the white lantern from the hand of the astonished official, she seized the ominous red lantern from its hook, and, springing upon the track, waved it in the very teeth of the coming train!

Two sharp, short whistles told her that her signal was seen, and a moment later the train came to a stop, and the officers rushed out to learn what it all meant.

Floss told them in a few brief words, and one of the men at the station went forward to confer with the train from Golosha, which had not yet been telegraphed from the next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before Kirke's train slid in on the siding, and it was then known that but for the decision of one young girl the two trains must have collided four miles beyond Dering's Cut!

When told the whole story, Kirke looked at his watch.

The man from the station looked at his.

Kirke's was ten minutes behind time!

You want to know how it happened? Certainly you must have guessed. Halliday did it. A man was found the next day who confessed to having seen Jack tampering with the timepieces in the engine house that night, but he had thought nothing of it, he said.

Jack? Oh, he left town, and was last heard of in Australia. His little game was not a success.

And Kirke married Floss Whately, else this story would not have been told, because what would a story be worth that did not end with a wedding?

To Vote by Music.

In France, as in this country, there is a large number of voters that never go near the polls, greatly to the disgust of the different parties. All kinds of schemes have been suggested, from coercion down, and none of them has proved itself practicable. A genius has now arisen who thinks that Harmony, Heavenly Maid, may succeed where all else had failed. He would make voting an attractive pastime and to this end has invented a musical ballot box. This instrument plays popular tunes at intervals while the polls are opened and the belief of the inventor is that the citizens will be so enchanted by the melodies that they will be only too eager to vote. Moreover, it records votes automatically and musically. When the hundredth ballot is dropped in it will play a certain tune. The two hundredth will bring forth another melody and so on. This machine should attract the attention of local district leaders, particularly at primary elections. It has great advantages over the dull ordinary methods of balloting.

"A HIGH-MINDED YOUNG MAN."

Dr. Shoop's
Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing If It Fails.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer.

I am a specialist in Rheumatism, and have treated more cases than any other physician, I think. For 16 years I made 2,000 experiments with different drugs, testing all known remedies while searching the world for something better. Nine years ago I found a costly chemical in Germany which, with my previous discoveries, gave me a certain cure.

I don't mean that it can turn bony joints into flesh again; but it can cure the disease at any stage, completely and forever. I have done it fully 100,000 times.

I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism, and I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is only $5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself— and your mere word shall decide it.

I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere samples that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you anyway. If it fails it is free.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

The Fool's Prayer.

BY E. R. SILL.

The royal feast was done; the king
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester diffed his cap and bells,
 And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
 Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
 Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
 "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
 From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!

" 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
 Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
 Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
 Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
 Who knows how grandly had it rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
 The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—O, in shame
 Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
 Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
 The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
 "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

A Man's Word.

The greatest liar on earth tells the truth to his doctor. The most truthful man alive is tempted to lie to the assessor.

Congratulations in Order.

Mrs. Outtown—I understand you have an old retainer.

Mrs. Subbub—Yes, indeed! Bridget has been with us three weeks.

Southern Blood; Or, The Stranglers of Rocky Crest.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

[Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 18, May 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEFIANCE.

The startling scene between Noma and Colonel Terrill, in which the latter wanted her to drive the pearl-handled dagger to his heart, weighed upon my heart as nothing had ever done before. The flight of the young woman from the room left me alone with the master of Rocky Crest and I feared that another spell of insanity was coming in.

I wondered if the Colonel suspected that we had overheard the heated interview between himself and Judge Fenner, who was riding away. Something must have stirred him to the quick in Noma's presence, but he should have known that she would not commit murder, even though it seemed justified by revenge.

For some time the old man stood speechless in my presence and then all at once he turned on his heel and left the room, leaving me quite alone.

This strange proceeding mystified me not a little and I waited some time for his reappearance, but he did not oblige me by coming back.

Within the next half hour I heard voices on the porch, and, looking in that direction, I saw a lot of men. They were the wild mountaineers, the moonshiners of the hills and the very fellows from whom I had escaped with Sheriff Baker at the depot in Burwell.

Despite the fact that the day was closing and the long shadows heralded night, I could make out the fierce, determined aspect of the mountain clan.

They were headed by the tall man in the red shirt, whom I had learned was an ex-soldier who had performed prodigies of valor in the war, and his companions were men after his own rough heart. I was going down stairs to meet the men when I heard Noma's voice, and the next moment she stood beside me.

"It is the work of Jedson," I heard her say. "He breathed vengeance when he went away, and I am sure this is his evil doings."

"Why doesn't he come back with his gang?" I asked.

"He will keep in the background, but his hand will be shown in whatever the mob does. You can depend on that, Rufus."

Presently the heavy feet of the leader of the band were heard on the porch, and Noma, gliding past me, opened the door.

"Ah, good evenin', Miss," said the man. "We beg your pardon, but we'd like to see Mr. Rufus Wingate, who is here."

Noma, standing in the doorway, looked at the man without fear and said:

"What is your business with him?"

"That we will say when we see 'im."

"And what if he declines to come out?"

"We don't want trouble, you know, Miss; but we're here to see 'im an' we don't intenter go back without doin' it."

"You are here for violence," said the young woman. "You shall not see Mr. Wingate."

She shut the door in the tall man's face, and I heard a peal of rough laughter from the men outside over the discomfiture of their leader.

"Keep this from the Colonel, if possible," cried Noma, rushing to me and laying her hand on my arm. "If he sees the men out yonder it may bring on bloodshed. For heaven's sake, see that he remains in his room while we deal with them."

"Who's out there?"

Both of us fell back at sound of the strident voice behind us and the next instant we were looking into the terrible white face of Colonel Terrill, who stood in the hall with a revolver in each hand.

His aspect frightened me. His long hair had fallen over his shoulders and helped to frame his ghastly face, while his figure seemed to have increased in stature.

He turned to us and repeated the question.

"Some men who will disperse presently, father," said Noma, in quieting accents.

"Whom do they want to see?"

Colonel Terrill advanced toward the door, but Noma sprang between him and the bolted portal.

In an instant she had been flung back against me by the old man, whose eyes seemed like balls of fire, and again he roared out his command to open the door.

"Let him see them, then," whispered Noma to me, and I stepped forward and drew back the bolt.

As the door flew open the clan outside uttered a shout, but the following moment it died suddenly away, for the tall, majestic, yet terrifying figure of Colonel Terrill faced them.

Some little silence followed the sudden and unexpected confrontation, the tall leader of the wild mountaineers drew back and gazed astonished at the old man. I wondered how the silence would be broken, and by whom.

For a few moments the eagle eyes of Colonel Terrill took in the scene before him in weighty silence. Both Noma and I, standing where we could see it all without exposing ourselves, held our breath as the shadows grew longer and the night came down over Rocky Crest.

"What is it?" demanded the far-reaching voice of Colonel Terrill. "You have come hither for a purpose. What do you want?"

"Not you, of course, Colonel. We want ter interview the man called Rufus Wingate."

"He is my guest."

"Which means that you won't let him come out an' see us?"

"It means that you cannot take him from this house without my permission."

"We don't want much ter do with 'im," was the reply, and I could see that the Colonel's firmness had nonplussed the speaker. "All we want is ter ask him a few questions about shootin' the Jedge."

"He didn't shoot the Judge!" flashed the old man on the porch. "And I am here to say that it would have been a good thing if the bullet had gone a little truer to its mark."

"Come, you don't mean that, Kunnel?"

"I mean just what I said," was the answer. "You have ears and you evidently heard me. Rufus Wingate, who is my guest, did not shoot at Judge Fenner."

"Who did?"

"Go and ask the men who put you up to all this."

"We've not been put up to comin' here," said the tall man.

At this we heard Colonel Terrill laugh derisively and the men beyond the porch drew closer together.

"You can't see Rufus Wingate tonight," continued Terrill. "When his case is called for trial he will be there and then you can see him. Good-night."

"But we're not going away without our man," growled the mob.

"You're not going back with him. That's all."

"Look here, Colonel. Thar are men here who follered you through the war," said a strange voice from the crowd. "We never faltered when duty called us. And you know——"

"I know all that and more, Captain Shacklin. I saw you in the Crater and at Sharpsburg, but you know your old Colonel. When I say that you can't have Rufus Wingate tonight you know that I mean every word I've said."

Another brief silence fell and I heard the feet of the old Colonel on the porch.

"We're too many for ye, Kunnel," said another member of the mountain clan.

"Think so?" laughed the old man. "Come on and see. Look here. I will kill the first six men who advance a step. I haven't lost my keenness of vision nor my nerves, even if I have grown old within the last few years. Come on if you can't take Samson Terrill at his word. Send hither the man who put you up to all this and let me deal with him. I have but a short time yet in the world, and I might as well get out of it with pistols in my hands."

"Name your man. Tell us whom you accuse!" cried Captain Shacklin.

"Judge Fenner himself. Send him hither, I say."

There was no answer for a moment, and then the voice of the leader of the clan answered Terrill.

"He'll be here sooner than you expect. You will find Judge Fenner worthy of your steel."

Then we saw Colonel Terrill standing on the porch with no mob in sight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETURN OF THE TIGERS.

The night deepened.

Colonel Terrill said nothing to us as he came through the hall and went straight up stairs.

We watched him till his tall figure had vanished, feeling that the crisis was near at hand. Possibly it might be delayed a day or so, but it was as sure to come as night follows day.

Somewhere in the gathering darkness the mob was holding a council of war. We could imagine them grouped round their giant leader listening to his voice, or clamoring for my blood. There was no doubt in my mind that some enemy had put the clan up to its coming, and Colonel Terrill, who had accused Judge Fenner of this work, evidently recalled his last interview with that worthy.

I was inclined to place the blame upon Nick Jedson, for that worthy doubtless felt that in me he had a rival for Noma's love, and what he could not win by his innate cunning he would get by force.

Feeling that ere morning I would be called upon to face the crisis of my life, I went to my little room on the second floor and looked to my weapons.

I had seen nothing of Colonel Terrill since his interview with the men of the mountain, but believed that he was in his own apartments, evidently waiting for what must surely come.

One of the windows of my chamber overlooked a sloping roof, and while I was preparing for the struggle, I heard a noise at the sill. As I stepped back among the shadows of the room I looked toward the window and uttered a sudden cry.

A dark face with a pair of eager, gleaming eyes stood revealed among the tangled vines just outside the window, and the next moment I had sprung forward.

As I raised the sash I cried: "Cupe!" and the negro answered to his name with a satisfied grin, and sprang into the room.

"What is it, Cupe?" I asked, eagerly.

"Dey hab done sent fo' de Jedge."

"For Judge Fenner?"

"Dat's jes' what dey've done, Marse Rufus," said Cupe. "One o' de men he mount a hoss an' put off as ef his life 's at stake. Dey'll hav Jedge Fenner here in a hour. He's waitin' at Burwell."

"What do they want the Judge here for?"

"Dey say he kin git you away from de Colonel. De Jedge, dey argue, has a great heap o' influence over old marster."

"We'll see about that, Cupe. Do you go out and keep an eye on those men. And when the Judge comes, if come he does——"

"Oh, he'll come, Marse Rufus!" asseverated the darkey, with confidence. "Dey jes' say he cain't git out o' hit." And with this Cupe crept over the sill and vanished down the roof.

I could now see why Judge Fenner had been sent for.

The influence he was supposed to have over Colonel Terrill would place me in the hands of the mountain clan; but would the old Judge really come upon the scene? I recalled his last visit when he walked from the house in a passion, and I doubted if he would return so soon at the suggestion of a lot of bloodthirsty men.

I said nothing to Noma nor the Colonel concerning Cupe's message, having resolved to await further developments, and alone in my room I watched the window in hopes of again having another report from the darkey.

An hour passed, and no Judge. I looked at my watch with rising hopes that the night would pass without more excitement; but, alas! I was not to be so favored.

It was 9 o'clock when I thought I heard sounds of voices beyond the mansion, and, going to the window, looked in the right direction.

Nothing could I see, but the voices of men in deep, earnest talk came to my ears through the trees.

Cupe was right. The mountaineers had not quitted the place. Suddenly I heard another sound at the little back window that overlooked the roof and again I saw the eager face of the ex-slave.

As I raised the sash Cupe cried out:

"Dey's both out dar, Marse Rufus."

"Both?"

"De old Jedge an' Nick Jedson."

I did start a little despite myself, for I thought I had trained my nerves for any shock.

Judge Fenner and Nick Jedson—the two men whose rival I was for the hand of the fairest and coolest young woman in the old North State!

"What are they doing, Cupe?"

"Holdin' a council o' wah," answered the darkey. "Dey's down at de arbor——"

"A very appropriate place for the rascals to meet!" I broke in, for I could not keep the words back. "Do you know what happened there years ago, Cupe?"

"Fo' God an' man, how could dis nigger forget hit?" was the answer. "Dey foun' Missus down dar strangled jes' as de Colonel strangled ole Tom McLaws de night he died."

"What did you hear?"

"Dey's gittin' ready fo' a rush on de house. Dey say old Marse hab ter give in to 'em dis berry night. Dey mean business, Marse Rufus, an' dey ar' de men what went to de war."

I dismissed Cupe and saw him once more crawl down the roof to vanish on the enemy's ground.

I wondered if Noma knew anything about the arrival of Fenner and Jedson. And Colonel Terrill, what of him?

Leaving my chamber, I slipped down the hall and caught sight of Colonel Terrill's door slightly ajar.

He should know of the coming back of the old Judge, in order that he, in conjunction with myself, could formulate some plan of action, and I stopped at the portal.

The lamp was burning in the room, which was not very large, and I could see the bed and dresser in their places, but not a sign of the old man.

In another moment I had opened the door and was standing on the threshold of the apartment staring its very emptiness.

Colonel Terrill was not in sight.

"He has heard of the re-enforcements," I thought to myself as I again directed a searching glance round the room. "Colonel Terrill will face the Judge with the fury of a tiger, for I haven't forgotten his defiance."

With a final look I turned away and went down stairs.

As I reached the bottom of the flight I heard a heavy footfall on the long porch, and then a knock sounded on the door.

I paused in the hall and glanced toward the library, which was at the right of the hall, expecting to see Colonel Terrill emerge to answer the expected summons in person.

But the door did not swing open and I was disappointed.

"Who's out there?" said a voice at my side, and Noma was near me, looking toward the door leading to the porch.

"It's a message or a demand from Judge Fenner."

"What, is he back?"

"Yes, and Nick Jedson is with him."

"Then heaven help the scoundrel!" parted Noma's lips, for her face was white and every nerve at its utmost tension.

"I have been looking for the Colonel. He is not in his bed-chamber, nor——"

"Have you inspected the library?" interrupted Noma.

"I will do that in a moment."

Almost before the last word had left my lips, a second emphatic knock sounded on the front door.

I hardly heard it, so eager was I to find Colonel Terrill, and in another second I was across the threshold of the library. Striking a match on the wall, I held it above my head, but before the blaze could reach its height a wild cry parted my lips and I was in utter darkness.

What I saw was enough to take my breath and almost extinguish the match.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSION.

I stood for a moment in the darkness, with that terrible scene haunting me, though I coul dsee it no longer.

I dared not call Noma. She was in the hall within call, and with one hand on the door, as if ready to admit the man outside if Colonel Terrill was willing.

And what had I seen?

In the middle of the room had stood for years a table covered with a white cloth. Upon it at times were laid the volumes which their owner loved best, for the most part books of warfare and the chase. At this table, deep in these volumes, he had spent many an hour, and far into the night, when silence held the old house in its grasp, he was to be found there, as silent as the furniture itself.

At this table I saw him seated in the glare of my match.

One hand rested on the table, the other I could not see, but the staring eyes and the horrible face as white as a grave shroud told me even in that swift and hurried look that Colonel Terrill of Rocky Crest was dead.

But I had seen more than death only.

I had noticed that the table cloth was covered with broad, black writing and in the closed hand of Colonel Terrill was still held the charcoal pencil with which he had traced his last message to the living world.

I longed, yet dreaded, to read the last writing of the man whose life had been so strangely interwoven with mine.

"Rufus!" I suddenly heard Noma calling me.

I could keep her back no longer, so, going to the door, I called her and she came forward.

"What is it?" she asked, as if she had an intuition of what I had seen.

I whispered: "Be calm, dear," and struck another match.

With this we advanced into the large room, I holding the little torch above my head, while Nora, nerved for the ordeal, walked beside me.

Again I saw the same sight. There sat Colonel Terrill at the table, the black pencil in his hand, while he seemed to be staring across the cloth as though some horrible apparition from beyond life's borderland had confronted him amid the silence of that room.

"Look," I said to Noma.

She looked, but did not cry out.

I felt the tremor that ran through her frame, and she crept closer to me while the little flame mounted higher and higher.

Together we drew near the specter of death; together we stopped beside Colonel Terrill and looked at the writing on the table cloth.

They shall see it!" I heard Noma say through half-shut lips. "The holders of the dread secret out there shall see the written confession of this poor man."

"Wait!" said I. "Let us read it again."

Together we did so, and even now the lines, with every letter intact, burn in my brain as they did that fearful night years ago. And this is what we read:

"To the world: I, Samson Terrill, soon to usher myself into the presence of my Maker, do confess to hiring two men to kill my wife Marna, in order that I might clutch all her riches. These men, Tom McLaws, now dead, and Nick Jedson, his accomplice, were paid the price agreed and terribly well did they accomplish their hellish work. Judge Alpheus Fenner aided and abetted them by advice and suggestion for a purpose all his own, as I have since discovered. I cannot live and see every night the ghost of the dead emerge from the fated arbor and walk to my side with a ghastly finger pointed at me. Better out of the world than in it with such a life. Heaven will not forgive me, nor do I ask forgiveness. May the vengeance that overtakes the guilty punish all who had a hand in my wife's death, as I drive to my own heart the dagger which her child refused to use upon me.

SAMSON TERRILL."

"Call them in!" cried Noma, when she had again reached the last line of this terrible confession.

"The whole mob?"

"Wait!"

I had lighted the lamp after entering the library the second time, and it had enabled us to read the writing on the table. I looked into Noma's face and found it pallid and tensely drawn. Not a vestige of color was to be seen, and, glancing down, I saw one of her hands clutching the butt of a revolver.

"Not the whole mob—that will never do," she went on. "Call in the two murderers."

I sprang from the room and landed in the hall.

I knew that some one was waiting on the porch for the door to open, and when I opened it there stood the tall, red-shirted leader of the clan.

"Ho, a pretty long wait, I think," he snapped. "Come, tell Colonel Terrill that we are back and that we want Rufus Wingate, guest or not."

"We will treat only with Judge Fenner and Nick Jedson. Call them up."

"They're not here."

"You know they are," I responded, looking the fellow squarely in the face. "They joined you a little while ago. Colonel Terrill will see them first—in the library."

The man looked perplexed, but, seeing that I meant business, he turned on his heel and walked into the night.

I went back to the library where I had left Noma with the dead. She had disturbed nothing, but pointed silently to the dagger which was still gripped in one of Colonel Terrill's cold hands, and said that the fingers had closed about it like the tentacles of an octopus.

"Long ago," she continued, "I fathomed his complicity in that awful crime. I saw that he was struck by remorse, and you know now that conscience almost drove him mad."

"Who will say that he was not mad when he wrote those terrible sentences there?"

"Let us have charity enough to think so, and mad, too, when he sent mother to her death at the hands of those men."

I said nothing, but something across the room having at that moment caught my eye, I sprang forward and picked it up.

"See!" I cried, holding out a ring to Noma.

She looked at it with staring eyes and then snatched it from my hand.

"My mother's wedding ring!" she exclaimed. "It has been missing ever since the tragedy of the arbor. Who knows but that he brought it forth tonight to gaze upon it for the last time, and then, just before he dealt the fatal blow, cast it from him forever? And with it went his guilty soul down the steeps of perdition to join Tom McLaws' in eternal night."

"And this?" I cried, stooping again. "See! Here is a miniature. Why, it is your mother's picture."

"Poor wretch! He looked upon her face for the last time," responded Noma, shuddering.

"And the last face he saw," I added.

"Yes. Surely she at last drove him to his doom."

Noma appeared to forget everything as she looked at her mother's features in the soft light which fell upon the living and the dead.

I said nothing.

"Rufus," she said at last, with a glance toward the door, "are they never coming?"

"I will see."

I went into the hall and looked out. The stars were shining upon the earth as softly as if no crime had ever stained it, and in a tree near the house I heard the low but mournful cry of a night bird.

"What keeps them?" I heard Noma say.

Just then I heard voices in the grounds and in a moment caught sight of two persons coming up the walk.

In another minute they were on the porch, and as they reached the door I opened it wider and stood before them.

They were Judge Fenner and Nick Jedson!

"Gentlemen," said I, "Colonel Terrill is in the library."

They looked at me and perhaps wondered at my audacity in appearing before them when I was the person whom the mob wanted, but the following moment they were in the house. I shut the door behind them, locked it and thrust the key into my pocket. I was resolved that these men should not escape till vengeance and justice had settled accounts with them forever.

CHAPTER XVI.

JUSTICE GETS HER OWN.

Noma, I knew, awaited the pair in the library.

Without the slightest idea of what had transpired during the night, Judge Fenner and his companion in crime walked into the trap.

I turned, and, with the key of the door safely in my possession, followed at their heels.

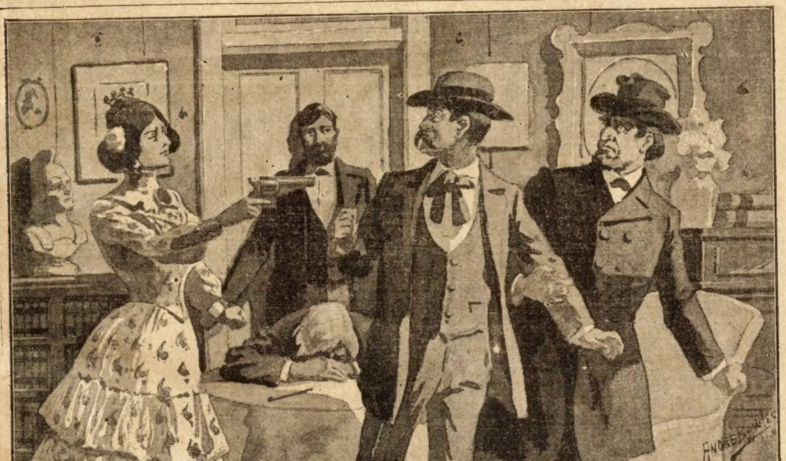
Alpheus Fenner's face wore a look of triumph, if not savagery; he evidently thought that he was to get the upper hand of Colonel Terrill, humiliate him under his own roof and win a victory that would secure him a wife.

As for Nick Jedson, he glanced madly at me, but did not speak, though he must have thought that in a short time he would see me in the hands of the merciless mob wait- for its victim under the dark trees.

The two men entered the room almost simultaneously, their elbows touching in their eagerness to meet Colonel Terrill and triumph over him in his own house.

But all at once they halted, for as the horror of the scene in the library broke upon them they seemed to lose their breath. I was so close upon their heels that I actually pushed Jedson further into the room, and at the same time shutting the door and planting myself firmly against it.

"Come forward," said the clear voice of Noma, who looked at the men from across the table. "Don't be backward. You have stood in the presence of death before."



"Walk up and write!"

"Of death, Miss Bently?" cried Judge Fenner.

"Of death," repeated Noma. "Colonel Terrill is here to receive you, and see! He has left his last communication to the world. It is here on the cloth."

Instinctively the two men went forward. I have always thought that guilt, coupled with curiosity, impelled them on and drove them, whether they cared to go or not, into the very jaws of conviction.

"You said nothing about Colonel Terrill being dead," said Judge Fenner, with a quick glance in my direction.

"I did not have to mention it. You have the evidence before you."

"You will carefully read the last words of Colonel Terrill," I heard Noma say in stern tones. "Step closer, gentlemen. It is a confession which even your court, Judge Fenner, would not care to rule out."

Fenner's face was flushed to crimson and I saw him swallow hard.

In spite of themselves, the two men could not escape reading the last words of the dead—the self-murdered.

The moments that followed Noma's speech were moments of the most profound silence. I watched the two men as they read the confession in black and white which damned both of them and branded them—the one the supposed upholder of the written law—as the most graceless villains unhung.

"It is false!" cried Judge Fenner, the first of the pair to speak, and the words came from his mouth spasmodically. "It is the last vaporings of a diseased mind—an attempt to fasten upon those whom he hated a crime which he evidently did himself."

Noma smiled derisively and turned suddenly upon Jedson.

"And what do you say?" she demanded.

"It's a lie!" broke from the fellow. "I never touched the woman. I never hire myself to a man to do a crime for money."

"It was not for money," said Noma. "You know that, Nick Jedson. Money was not in the bargain with you, though it was with Tom McLaws. Do you know how Tom McLaws died? Do you know that he left a written confession, but that that dead wretch yonder would not let him divulge its hiding place, but choked his last breath in this house the night vengeance demanded his guilty soul?"

Jedson colored, but was silent.

Slowly Noma came round the table, her gaze riveted upon the two men. I held my breath.

"I have waited for a moment like this," she said. "For years I have longed to stand face to face with the men who hurried my mother into eternity. That time has come. The hour prayed for amid the silent watches of the night is at hand at last! Judge Alpheus Fenner, your cunning and duplicity have furthered your own base schemes till now. I cannot forget how you came to this house before the war and how you instilled into Colonel Terrill's mind hatred of his wife. I overheard enough on more than one occasion to justify such words as I use. I was the goal of your plotting all the time. You never lost sight of me. No, when you came back from the army, spared for the final accounting of vengeance, you hastened Colonel Terrill's exit from this world by means of your own. You encouraged him in his potations and laughed at the remorse which you knew seared his soul. And, as for you, Nick Jedson, fit associate for Judge Fenner—murderer, base strangler of women in the dark—the same fate awaits you both!

"The door behind you is locked. You will acknowledge the truth of yonder confession. The black pencil lies on the table. You will step forward and witness the writing of the dead. Come, sirs, there is no escape but one way and that is—this!"

Up came the glistening weapon clutched firmly in Noma's hand, and the two men looked into the gray barrel of death.

"Quick! your men are waiting for you out there," continued Noma. "Walk up and write: 'We certify to the truth of the foregoing. And may God have mercy on our souls!' It will take but a minute, gentlemen. Come up and sign!"

No one will ever know the thoughts that flitted through the minds of the Judge and the mountain villain as they looked into the revolver's muzzle.

Noma never moved an inch. Her hand trembled not and her eye looked triumphantly behind the deadly weapon.

The two rascals bit their lips and looked at one another.

"I count six, gentlemen," said Noma. "If at the end of that time your names are not affixed to that confession there will be two more dead men where there is now one!"

What would they do?

I was relieved when I saw Alpheus Fenner take the charcoal pencil and write below the confession on the table cloth. His writing seemed to occupy an hour, when it was barely a minute. As he signed his name he stepped back and Nick Jedson followed suit.

"Now," said Noma, "the men outside can be called in."

"Into this room?" cried Judge Fenner.

"Why not, sir? Isn't this a vindication of the innocent and the doom of the guilty? Call Cupe in, Rufus."

I went into the hall and called the giant negro. When he came Noma commanded him to go out and call the clan in, and in a few moments the mountaineers were in the room, wondering what was wanted of them. At Noma's suggestion, and while she still kept Judge Fenner and Jedson covered with the revolver, I read the contents of the table cloth aloud to all, and a tense silence followed.

It was suddenly broken by the harsh voice of the red-shirted leader of the gang.

"Is this true, Jedge?" he asked, his finger covering the attested confession.

"Do you think it is?" was the answer.

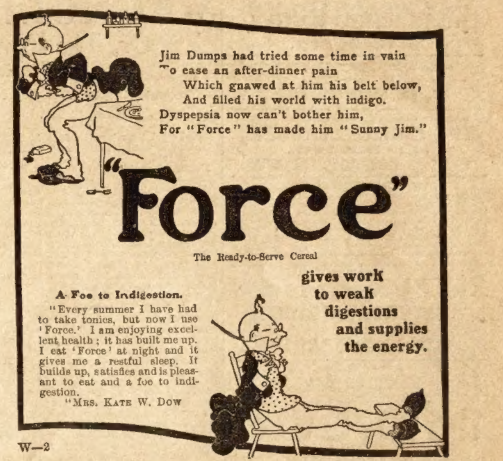
"Is this true, Nick Jedson?" he turned to the other one.

"Ask that man," cried Jedson, pointing to the Judge. "What's the use?" he went on. "I helped McLaws that night and Judge Fenner, the supposed spirit of justice, is as deep in the crime as though he was at the arbor. Here! Take me to the first limb, but see that yonder man, the legal fraud, the unjust and guilty Judge, is my companion. It is all true!"

Let me draw a veil here over the scenes that followed. Let me not tell what the morning light revealed when it chased away the shadows of that night; but rather let me write of the happiness that came to Noma and me after the last tragedy of the mountains had passed and Vengeance had fulfilled her mission.

We continued to inhabit Rocky Crest till it was burned down a few years after our wedding, when we sold it for a song and found in another State a home into which did not come the haunting scenes of the past, especially the ones of that last night of horror when Colonel Terrill's life went out and the mountaineers adjourned Judge Fenner's court forever.

The End.


Jim Dumps had tried some time in vain
To ease an after-dinner pain
Which gnawed at him his belt below,
And filled his world with indigo.
Dyspepsia now can't bother him,
For "Force" has made him "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

gives work to weak digestions and supplies the energy.

A Foe to Indigestion.

"Every summer I have had to take tonics, but now I use 'Force.' I am enjoying excellent health; it has built me up. I eat 'Force' at night and it gives me a restful sleep. It builds up, satisfies and is pleasant to eat and a foe to indigestion.

"MRS. KATE W. DOW

W—2

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Health Seeker.

"Yes, sir," confided the man who had dropped into the seat beside us in the rotunda of the Ponce de Leon, "I am down here for my health. My physician ordered me here to recuperate from a pretty bad attack of brain fag. Don't mind telling you that if I hadn't packed up and come down here, and got away from business entirely they would have been feeding me in a padded cell by this time."

"You look all right now," we assured him.

"You bet I do," he asserted. "You bet I do. I'm a man of business. Business methods rule me all the time. Business is business, and the man who succeeds in life applies business methods to all affairs of his existence. That's me exactly. Now, about two years ago my lungs began to weaken. Doctor said I must go to Denver. Couldn't spare the time then. Had more lungs than time just at that moment. Next it was my stomach that got out of whack. Doctor says, 'Go to Virginia Hot Springs.' Couldn't get away then, either. Next thing I knew my liver went to the bad. Doctor looked me over, hummed and hawed, and declared that I must go to the Adirondacks if I ever expected that liver to get well. But I had a big deal on and couldn't drop it. Then, the next thing to bother me was my heart. Doctor came around again. Listened to my heart awhile, asked me a few questions, and said I must go to California. At last my brain took a twist. Then the doctor got the family to argue me into coming down here and getting entirely away from my cares and worries. Good thing I did, too."

"Undoubtedly," we assented.

"You bet. Well, I'm a man of business. Know how to handle details. What did I do? I says to myself, 'Look here, old man, your lungs are bad, your heart is bad, your stomach is bad, your liver is bad. You haven't got the time to go to all these places and get them cured. What you want to do is to arrange a merger of your complaints.' And that's what I did."

"How was that?" we asked, with some interest.

"Called in my doctor. Explained my ideas to him. Told him what I wanted done. He said it was a fine idea. Called in his assistants. Put me on the table. Out with my lungs! Out with my heart! Out with my liver! Out with my stomach! Packed the whole business in gauze and boxed 'em properly. Sent the heart to California, the stomach to Virginia, the liver to the Adirondacks and the lungs to Colorado. Let 'em all bask in the different glorious climates. Let 'em all get well while I brought my brains down here and gave them the benefit of the scenery and the recreation and the rest. What was the result? Had to pay hotel bills in all the different places, just the same as if I had been there, but here I am today, whole and hale and hearty, with my brains and my lungs and my stomach and my liver all in good shape and doing business at the old stands. All accomplished in one-fifth of the time ordinarily taken for such work. Modern business methods, my boy! Nothing else, I tell you——"

"Come on, Jim," said an authoritative-looking man, "it's time to go back to the room."

The Clever Fiancee.

"You say," tittered the fiancee of the vegetarian, "that you could fairly eat me. Now, isn't that contrary to the tennts of your belief?"

"Not at all," asserted the vegetarian.

"But if you ate me——"

"I should simply be eating a peach."

No use talking, the meat diet isn't the only thing that makes the mind active.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
30 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.,

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
SATURDAY BLADE
AND
BOYCE'S WEEKLY

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $1.65 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger, Saturday Blade and Boyce's Weekly combined.

750,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING
TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 38
CHICAGO, ILL.

Anyway, a "has-been" is far better than a "never-was."

Patriotism and politics seldom work together at the polls.

Be sure of your facts before attempting to pose as a liar.

An honest politician might as well be in some other business.

The public library catalogue is the greatest American novel-list.

It is something to be good, and it is well to be good for something.

The "nay" of the political dark horse is seldom heard in the land.

It often happens that more time is spent in trying to get a jury than in trying the case.

Don't get discouraged. Even to the oyster there comes an opening when least expected.

Many a man rushes frantically to his uncle after saying farewell to his ante.

Nothing annoys the youth with a bunch of keys at the end of his watch chain like being asked what time it is.

The only real difference between men and women is that men have to die before they break into the angel class.

Some people's knowledge consists mostly of things they shouldn't know.

Don't exchange single bliss for a matrimonial blister.

In addition to the trouble they may experience at the hands of the law the persons who are alleged to have paid $1,000 apiece for Missouri Legislators may expect to be criticised by their employers for their wanton waste of money.

Has the alert J. Pierpont Morgan been fooled again? In consequence of the announcement that he would place on exhibition a collection of carpets that formerly belonged to the royal house of Spain several Spanish newspapers have asked for an investigation, as before the reign of Alfonso XII. the royal collection was complete. The Heraldo of Madrid insinuates that Pierpont Morgan has been the victim of unscrupulous dealers, who, it alleges, have palmed off imitations on the multimillionaire.

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS

Or, The Power of Woman's Love.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

CHAPTER XX.

"Oh, Love! how hard a fate is thine
Obtained with trouble, and with pain preserv'd,
Never at rest."

Fashionable St. John's was rapidly filling for the event of the year, the wedding of the Duke of Westmoreland and the beautiful American heiress, Magnolia Staunton. Not to have been invited to this event, was to be stamped as without the pale, and immense fortunes were represented in the costumes and jewels, which were making the church more like some oriental scene of royal magnificence than a place of Christian worship. The richly embroidered cloths on the altar were almost covered by priceless flowers; the windows and every conceivable place where the spotless blossoms could be placed, were artistically trimmed, and the united perfume was overpowering. Lilies of every kind, from the tiny lilies-of-the-valley to the stately Easter ones were present, although some of them at that time of the year were a triumph of the florist's art; roses by the thousands; orchids, each one of which was worth a sufficient sum to support an entire family for a month; flowers of every description and kind, all white, and nearly all surcharged with perfumes so rich and heavy as to be overpowering. The ushers were busy escorting to seats the elite of London, nearly all of whom had returned for this wedding, which was to unite the high rank of England with the wealth of America.

In one of the prominent places was Mrs. Cranston, who had formed one of the yachting party, and who like every one else was an ardent admirer of Magnolia. The little widow was dashing in a beautiful dress of palest mauve, embroidered with violets of a deeper shade, in the heart of which glittered a diamond of purest water. She was eagerly whispering to her escort, Lord Paul Kemption, who, in his desire to act in that capacity had declined the honor offered him of being one of the ushers.

The priceless chimes, presented to the church by Henry VIII., began to ring forth the joyful message of the coming ceremony, the one ordained by Heaven not to be entered into hastily or without deepest love, and the richly dressed congregation waited breathlessly. As the chimes ceased, the deep-toned organ took up the refrain and pealed its melodies through the church, finally softening into the wedding march, as the great doors were thrown open and six tiny boys dressed in the costumes of the days when Charles the II. was king, entered, bearing baskets of roses which they strewed upon the dark green carpet. These were followed by six tiny girls as fairies, who let fall priceless lilies upon the soft roses, and all twelve had been selected from some of the families of highest rank in the land. The sixteen bridesmaids who next followed were dressed in pale pink, it being the desire of the bride to have them all alike, and each wore a costly diamond pin, the gift of the groom, and lockets, encrusted with pearls, the gift of the bride. The dresses alone had formed a very important item in the expenses, but they had been selected without regard to cost and presented by Mr. Staunton. The pink silk gauze was hand embroidered in great white magnolias, and the corsages were outlined by bands of pearls, while each had a costly pearl hat pin to fasten on the charming French creations, which the sixteen lovely girls wore on their heads. Escorting these girls were as many of the leading young society men of the day, among whom was Ned Travers, who, of course, was beside Lady Viola Haskell. The maid of honor followed the bridesmaids, and upon her as much attention was centered as upon the bride. Never to her dying day would Lady Helene Temple forget what it cost her as she slowly walked down that flower-strewn path which led to the altar upon which she was to offer up her young love. A soft, rich, creamy yellow gown, which once formed part of the outfit of an Indian ruler's favorite wife, embroidered with pearls and blending in a richness not to be described, with that perfect hair, made her fair indeed to look upon, while her dignity as she faced the many who knew her secret as plainly as though it were written across her forehead in letters of fire, was simply heroic.

The tones of the wedding march deepened as the bride entered the doors, leaning upon the arm of her father. It was a lovely vision. Those sitting there had seen Magnolia Staunton in many costumes of white, but never before in one which so became her. The dress was of richest and heaviest satin, trimmed with lace the most priceless that had ever before adorned a bride in that entire city. The rich veil, falling almost to her feet, and for several yards behind upon her sweeping train, hid the young face, but the golden hair gleamed through its meshes, and orange blossoms crowned the little head, while in the white-gloved hands was a superb cluster of these symbolical flowers.

Without faltering, the bride walked with dignity toward her bridegroom, waiting with the clergy and his best man, the Earl of Clarrington, one of his warmest friends, although her heart felt like lead within her bosom. That very morning she had received letters from both Dick Hunter and Sir Percy Wilberforce, and she could read between the lines the reproaches they were too loyal to utter. Still, although she had felt in the first wild misery of her outraged pride, that she must strike back, she knew she could not wound or wrong any of those who really cared for her, by marrying where more than simple courtesy would be expected.

Like one in a dream the lovely bride was led to His Grace, and he, taking the little hand in his, drew her in front of the noble old prelate, surrounded by other celebrated clergymen. These two, a man and a woman, were standing there before the altar of God, in the face of their relatives and friends to utter the most solemn of vows, when in the bride's heart dwelt a dark-eyed image, the thought of whom made her pulses throb so loud she feared they would be heard; while His Grace did not dare lift his eyes lest they fall upon the brave little face of the maid of honor, who was never more dear than now.

What could be more beautiful than the sight of two young people, with long lives before them; with wealth and beauty in their possession; occupying positions of highest rank; surrounded with all the good things of life? Yet, not only were the hearts of the principal actors torn, but Mrs. Staunton, sitting in her seat of honor, and dressed in a bewildering creation of pearl-gray satin, with panels of pink velvet and trimmed with pink chiffon and white

ICUREFITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, fully warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to SOLID GOLD WATCH guaranteed 25 years. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE to boys and girls or anyone selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send jewelry post-paid; when sold, send us $2.00, and we will POSITIVELY send you the watch and chain.

LIBERTY JEWEL CO., D 124 CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$1,000.00 FOR 5 CENTS

Special to Our Readers

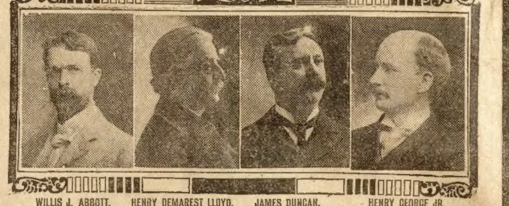
Dear Reader.—We want to ask a few moments of your time. Read every word in this article. We want you to know about BOYCE'S WEEKLY. The editorial and art work each week costs us fully $1,000, and every reader who buys a copy for 5 cents gets the benefit. No other paper would even dream of such an expenditure for news and literary matter.

AN INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER FOR ALL WHO WORK.

Progress is the key to success and the up to date person must keep posted on things which affect his interests, and especially his purse. Ninety per cent of the people in America have nothing to sell but their services. BOYCE'S WEEKLY, the greatest newspaper for workers, jumped into success the first issue. For years we planned and worked to get together the greatest staff of editors, writers, thinkers and leaders of men. For years we studied the people, their likes and dislikes, their needs, their dangers, their welfare, their happiness, their future. BOYCE'S WEEKLY is a great paper filled from first to last with the news of the world, the conditions of the labor market, the status of manufacturing and industrial institutions, the world's outputs, in both the agricultural and manufacturing interests. BOYCE'S WEEKLY fearlessly and truthfully tells each week what is what, what has been and what will be. BOYCE'S WEEKLY is the one International Great Newspaper every one should read.

Every man and woman who is interested in wage earning owe it to themselves, to their families and to their friends to read this great paper.

It only costs 5 cents a copy. Blade and Ledger agents sell it generally, but if the agent you bought this paper from doesn't sell it get him in line. Ask him for it. Tell him to order a supply. You can do the cause of humanity good by helping to build up BOYCE'S WEEKLY. We want to sell a million copies every week. We want to spread the doctrine of self help and improvement. Get after the boy and buy a copy from him every week. Inform yourself on what is going on in the world of work. Get out of the rut, be progressive. Help your fellow man. Read BOYCE'S WEEKLY and get your friends and neighbors to read it, too. Look over our great list of editors and you will see why BOYCE'S WEEKLY is such a grand success.



WILLIS J. ABBOTT. HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD. JAMES DUNCAN. HENRY GEORGE JR.

JOHN MITCHELL. CARROLL D. WRIGHT. E. E. CLARK JUDSON GRENELL.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY is a 12-page, 7-column NEWSPAPER, 5 cents a copy, published every Wednesday. It gives all news of interest to workingmen, employing its own special correspondents to cover such matters of universal interest as great strikes, arbitration proceedings, etc. It publishes all other news of the day worth reading. It gives freely of its space to discussion of economic and social reforms.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY is not exclusively serious. Nobody needs relaxation more than workingmen, and the departments devoted more especially to the entertainment of readers is short and well maintained There is a continued story, and a complete short story in each issue, the dramatic news and pictures will be of the highest order, and the sporting page will outdo anything appearing in an American newspaper.

The NEWSBOYS or agent who furnishes you the SATURDAY BLADE and CHICAGO LEDGER will, on request, get you BOYCE'S WEEKLY. ASK HIM FOR IT.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY as to politics in a party sense has none. It never is allied with either of the great parties, though it often supports or opposes policies to which one or the other may be committed. There are members of all of the political parties associated with BOYCE'S WEEKLY in both administrative, editorial and advisory capacities, and it is the uniform purpose of all to judge issues and men wholly irrespective of their partisan associations.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY, unlike any other labor paper or magazine now published, is free from any hampering affiliations. It is tied to no union, local or national. It is the exponent of the principle of organized labor, not of any labor organization. It has on its board of Editors the "stars" in the labor movement.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY inaugurated a policy which we want everybody to distinctly understand. No matter what the cause advocated in our editorial columns, if anybody wants to urge the other side and is capable of making a good argument, he shall have space to do it in, and a prominent display. There are few questions which confront the people to which there are not two sides, and our motto will ever be: HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL; SPECIAL PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY gets its great support from its readers. Your work is not done merely when you read the paper. You must get your friends to read it, and, above all, if your agent doesn't sell it will you not please get him to take the agency. Remember a copy only costs 5 cents and you get the $1,000 worth of the best reading in the world for those who work.

plumes, held by diamond clasps, was very unhappy and worried. There was a look in her daughter's eyes which puzzled her, and she feared for the future. Even Mr. Staunton was not quite satisfied, for the face of the beautiful girl standing there, now that her veil was raised, was not that of a happy bride, half-shrinking with shy, sweet love from the new life, and yet gladly going forward, confident in the devotion of the one she adores. No; it was the perfectly calm, well-bred face of a woman of the world who had learned well to wear her mask, and guard against its slipping aside. The groom had a strange expression upon his face, although he had never looked so handsome or manly. The past life of careless, wilful dissipation was gone forever, and the future of the Duke of Westmoreland would be very different from that known by his world.

The gentle-voiced prelate began the words of the most beautiful service in the peayerbook, and the two interested took a fresh grip on their emotions, and continued to stand there calm, collected, and dignified. The heat was overpowering. In addition to the temperature of the day, which was excessive, was added the perfume of the flowers, and this fact began to steal upon the senses of the bride. Since she had read of her lover's infidelity, she could scarcely endure the thought, even, of the perfume of flowers, so interwoven with her sweet, sad young romance, and now, on this day of all others, there were thousands of them. The orange blossoms in her hands gave forth a maddening perfume, which seemed to clog her brain and make her hear again:

"I, too, swear to hold sacred the love given to me tonight, and to defend it with my life."

How had he kept that oath? Oh, what was all this? How strangely everything seemed to be whirling about her. That dreadful perfume. She would go out and get a little fresh air. But she could not. Merciful Heaven, what was this? Her wedding day, she being married. No, no; it could not be. Her face grew whiter and she staggered a little, but no one noticed, and the gentle old voice went on, assisted by the other clergymen. The Duke's face was as pale as death, but a beautiful light shone in the black eyes of the noble little maid of honor.

The old prelate turned to the Ducal bridegroom, having reached that part of the service, and began to ask him the question the majority of men who had known Magnolia would have so happily answered in the affirmative, when the enormity of the whole thing, the awfulness of the false oath they were taking, commingled with the heat and perfume of the flowers, overcame the bride, and she creid out:

"No, no! these flowers are killing me! I—I——" then, before any one could catch her, fell prostrate before the altar she felt she was dishonoring, at the feet of the man she had promised to marry, and the man of God who was cementing her promise.

CHAPTER XXI.

"True love's a miser; so tenacious grown,
He weighs to the last grain of what's his own."

It was early in October of that same year when Congressman Tourney entered his apartments in Washington, for the first time in nearly six months, for he had been journeying throughout old Mexico in pursuit of some very important information relative to various proposed legislation the coming season. This expedition had been undertaken in a great hurry at the earnest solicitation of one of the leading men of his party, and he rejoiced in the success which had attended his work. As he had been traveling about from place to place, none of his mail had been forwarded, and letters and papers were piled high upon his desk and tables. The young man was active and enthusiastic, but the thought of so many letters was appalling.

"It's enough to send a man back to Mexico and half-civilization," he said, laughing, and then went into his dressing room and enjoyed a thorough bath and after removing all traces of his journey, he returned to his study and looked again with disfavor at the formidable pile. At last he gave a mighty sigh and plunged into the task. There were letters of all kinds; begging letters, letters proposing impossible schemes, letters asking for favors no one in the entire country would have power to grant, letters of friendship, and countless invitations. Then the letters seemed to take a new tone. Congratulations were poured upon him, and the dark, handsome face flushed with pleasure, until he came across a name, and then indignation took its place, and he finally jumped to his feet. Catching up his hat, he left the house, and a few minutes later was in the presence of Mrs. Dartmouth. That lady was sitting alone in her study, carefully looking over a pile of letters as great as his own, but she smiled pleasantly when he entered.

"Hello, Gilbert, back at last?"

"Yes; you received my report?"

"To be sure. Your career is certain. How was the trip, and did you come back well and strong?"

"Mrs. Dartmouth, I came to you for an explanation."

"I will give you all you want."

"Last spring you misunderstood me, and you promised to straighten the matter out. Did you do it?"

"You refer to Garnet?"

"Certainly."

"That was a bad thing all around. One evening you spend hours in my conservatory with one of the most lovely girls in Washington, and when you come out I ask you if you are engaged, and you say yes."

"I did, Mrs. Dartmouth, but I was laboring under the idea you were referring to some one else."

"Well, I, of course, thought you meant my Garnet. Then I asked you if I should announce it, and you again said yes, and so the next day, as I had twenty of the girls invited to my house to lunch, I just announced the thing."

"I saw it with horror in the paper, and rushed to you for an explanation. I could not stop to contradict it, for I had to start off on the seven o'clock train for the extreme South on this mission, but I told you the truth, and you said you would fix everything up. I find from my letters awaiting me, you have not."

"Now, listen, Gilbert, my boy. I thought it all over and then it seemed too cruel to hurt poor Garnet that way. I let the matter rest, but gradually have explained to her. She knows everything, but still loves you."

"This is horribly cruel," Gilbert cried, jumping to his feet and pacing back and forth.

"No; as things have turned out it is best so."

"Best so?"

"Yes; now be brave, my boy; I have something to tell you. You told me you were engaged to the daughter of Jared Staunton of New York."

"Yes, madam."

"Well, my boy, she failed to keep her word, and is to marry the Duke of Westmoreland. No; there is no mistake. Her father's business manager came over here with a package for you from her father, and when he found you were away, left it with me. Here is the bundle, Gilbert," almost tenderly, "and if its contents hurt you too much, remember there is one of the sweetest and dearest girls loving you and willing to console you for another's unfaithfulness," and so saying Mrs. Dartmouth placed in his hands a small package, then left the room.

Gilbert sat like one in a dream, turning it over and over, striving to control the strange trembling of his hands. His lip was quivering, too. What was it he had heard? Magnolia false? Magnolia the wife of any one else? Why, nonsense! Yet what was this? Some heartless joke. He would look at it. Strange his hands would tremble so.

With shaking fingers he finally unfastened the papers, and opened to his view a little well-worn leather box. It was enough. It dropped from his trembling fingers and his face fell upon his hands. The door opened slowly, and a beautiful face peeped in, then there was a quick exclamation, a swift movement, and a soft hand was laid on his head, while a voice low and mellow said, oh, so tenderly:

"Let me help you bear it."

Gilbert raised his head. There was Garnet, more lovely and gentle than before, for sorrow and mortification, of his own making, had ripened her beauty and given her an added charm, which appealed very strongly to the lonely man. The love of his youth had proven false, but here was a dear, sweet girl, and one whom he had unconsciously wronged, ready to heal up his wounds with her tender womanly and forgiving love.

"Garnet."

Six months before the girl would have yielded to the entreaty in the voice and responded to the longing of face and attitude, but the Garnet of today knew better than to act upon impulse, so she only smiled and said, cheerily:

"Yes, Gilbert; I am here."

Never again between these two was there any question of Mister or Miss,; they were ever afterward Garnet and Gilbert to each other.

"Can you ever forgive me?"

"There is little to forgive, my dear. A silly, vain girl, and the good-hearted, although mistaken imprudence of our best of friends, wrought some annoyance all around, but it is all over. We are friends, the dearest of friends, and when you feel that this blow is not quite so heavy, you must confide in me and let me help you, if I can."

"If there ever was a good, sweet girl. Not a word of your own mortification, or—or—" and Gilbert paused, wishing to say more, but afraid of wounding the gentle heart.

Garnet flushed crimson, but she was a very straightforward girl, and so she said, bravely:

"I do not pretend that I did not love you, and that I do not now. No, no, my dear friend. Not for anything in the world. I know what you would say, but, while I love you, I do not care to be taken upon sufferance. Had you been able to give me a love in return as my own, I would have been one of happiest of women, but now I could never be a wife because I love a man. I deserve something better than that, and some day we will both be happy with some one else. I am getting bravely over this, and so will you. Just let us be friends, but never again, as long as either of us live, do you speak of love to me. Some day you will be thankful to me that I have had the courage to take this stand," and she left the room, leaving Gilbert with a mind sadly bewildered and a heart aching with a pain which was almost physical in its intensity.

CHAPTER XXII.

"A good ending is the best part of the story."

For many weeks Magnolia Staunton lay battling for life, for the overwrought brain had given way, and the belle of the season traveled a long distance on the road which leads down into the valley of the shadow. Then it was that her parents learned of the lovely life of the fair young girl, who, while surrounded by riches and the adulations of those of highest rank, had, yet found time to give sympathy and material assistance to those who were needing both. Not only were countless inquiries made at the front door by the noblest in the land, but at the rear came literally the lame, the halt and the blind, asking for the little friend, who had proven an angel of mercy. None ever forgot the day when the great physicians said the next six hours would turn the balance, either for or against her recovery. It almost seemed as though a public character were lying between life and death, and when she finally opened those soft, violet eyes, looked into her mother's face, and then turned her head slightly, and sank into a health-giving slumber, joy reigned supreme.

As the great physician who had been in charge of the case from the first looked up and said, softly:

"Unless something unforeseen intervenes, I think the little girl is saved," Mrs. Staunton reelcd and fell back in her husband's arms. No one would have recognized in the faithful nurse, who never spared herself, or allowed any of the trained nurses to do what she herself could attend to, the indolent, graceful woman, who two years before had lived but for happiness and pleasure. As the husband and wife bent together over their idolized child, there seemed to spring up between them a feeling before entirely absent, and when Mrs. Staunton was brought back to consciousness she saw a love in her husband's eyes, never called there before in her memory, and, stretching out her hands, she cried:

"Oh, my dear, try to love me and take my love for you in return. We have missed the sweetness of life in living without it," and as he gathered her to his heart, the two were united as never before.

Once the turn was made for the better, Magnolia rapidly improved, and within a month was able to be up and about the house, and then it was that she asked her father to talk the situation over with her.

"Papa, I have done very wrong and nearly lost my life, besides making trouble for all concerned."

"My little girl, we will not worry about that."

"During the weeks I have been trying to recover, Papa, dear, I have learned several things. One is, that poor Arthur and Helene love each other devotedly, although they have tried to keep it from me. Helene is one of the finest characters in the world. I love her as I would a sister if I had one. Arthur has improved so, too, and, yet, Papa, I cannot marry him now."

Mr. Staunton studied the matter over carefully, and then he said, slowly:

"No; I scarcely know how you can, and yet what can we do?"

The lovely face clouded and she said, gravely:

"That is something I have been trying to solve for myself. Now, you and Mamma must help me, and we will see if we cannot come to some conclusion."

For several days all puzzled over the problem, and then the unexpected happened, and the meshes were gradually unraveled.

Magnolia was sitting in a charming little morning room, one afternoon, for a great wonder entirely alone, thinking over the past and resolving to make her life more worthy in the days to come, when the door opened quietly, and she saw before her the man whose image was always in her heart, Gilbert Tourney. The two stood looking at each other for a moment, then the latter advanced, and said, in the dear, tender voice:

"Magnolia, darling, a thousand things have conspired to part us, but when I tell you that I am as free as you can be if you so desire; that I have seen your father and that he bids me come to you and ask you to forgive without any questions, will you"—then caught her in his arms and rained kisses down on her face, and she clung to him sobbing, and scarcely believing her senses.

In a few moments, however, Gilbert gently drew her to a low seat, and half kneeling beside her, with his arm supporting her, said, tenderly:

"Will you let all the past go, without any questions, darling, and believe when I say that I have not willingly done anything wrong, however foolish I may have been?"

Magnolia smiled back at him, and replied, softly:

"I need forgiveness as much as you."

Gilbert closed her lips with a kiss, and then said, gently:

"Mr. Staunton has sent for the Duke of Westmoreland and his cousin. He said that this was a way out of the difficulty. You cannot be engaged to two men at the same time, darling. Ask him to release you as a favor, so you can marry me, and perhaps he will do so."

A bright smile dawned in Magnolia's eyes, and when Mr. Staunton's voice was heard outside, Gilbert whispered, asking for a place to hide in; she smuggled him away behind some rare old tapestry, just as the door opened and Mr. Staunton led in the Duke and Lady Helene.

Magnolia went up to His Grace and, holding out her hand, said in her sweetest voice:

"Arthur, I want you to grant me a favor."

"Certainly, whatever you desire."

"Please forgive me for being abrupt, but I want you to release me from my engagement to you."

In spite of himself, a flush mounted the young man's face and a look of relief came into his eyes. During that awful ceremony he had learned that better starvation with Helene by his side, than regal pomp without the love of his life.

"Will you?"

"It is your wish?"

"Yes; because, Arthur, don't be angry, I love some one else, and so do you, you dear old blunderer. No; there is no cause for either of you to look guilty. Both are generous and kind, but Helene please take Arthur off my hands, and some one else will take me off his," and as she spoke she drew aside the tapestry, and Gilbert emerged, smiling, and looking so lordly and handsome, that Magnolia felt her heart swell with pride at the thought that she was his and he hers.

The Duke of Westmoreland started, looking at the young man, and was about to speak, but was checked by a slight gesture, so he said, gravely:

"Magnolia, both of us were saved from lives of misery. I don't deny that I love Helene. I can't remember when I didn't, and I know she is noble and good enough to forgive everything and take me," and instinctively he held out his arms, and Helene sprang toward him, sobbing as she had never dared to when her trial was hardest.

Gilbert then advanced and said in his courteous manner, which always gained him attention and won friends:

"May I ask you to sit down and let me tell you a story, one which I have already told Mr. Staunton. I will not bore our friends, Magnolia, by explaining just now many things you shall know later, but begin at a point several days after I returned to Washington from a six months' trip in old Mexico. I was visited by several solicitors who made of me a number of inquiries relative to some property I was likely to inherit. The heir to this property has been sought far and wide, and all clews seemed to lead to me, provided I could supply a missing link. It happened that I could, for it consisted of this ring," taking the ring Magnolia had loved so dearly and had returned to him when she deemed him false. "It was all that was needed, with the other information they had, although I could substantiate everything by many important family papers, and I have come across the water to enter into my estate, and more important than that, to claim my bride, who was promised to me before you entered into the field," smiling at the Duke of Westmoreland. "It was only on the voyage over that I learned that my rival was not quite as formidable a one as I had feared," again smiling and bowing.

"But, Gilbert, what is this property?" Magnolia cried, curiously.

"Quite an extensive one, in fact, it involves a title," Gilbert began, his handsome face wreathed with smiles, when Duke Arthur, smiling as frankly, sprung to his feet, and said:

"Permit me to introduce him. His Grace Gilbert, Edward, Leister, Fitzgerald, Duke of Farrington."

Magnolia's face expressed its surprise, as did that of Helene, and then the slight pause was broken by Mrs. Staunton's voice, which said, naively:

"Why, Magnolia will be a Duchess, after all."

EPILOGUE.

Two weeks after Gilbert's reunion to Magnolia, a double wedding took place in a tiny church just around the corner from the Staunton residence, at eight o'clock in the morning. The two brides wore their traveling dresses, and after the ceremony looked more like two happy girls marrying the young men of their choice, regardless of rank or fortune, although both emerged from the church duchesses and heiresses, as Mr. Staunton settled the same amount on each bride. With her magnificent marriage portion, as well as the gift of receipts of all his debts, made him by the generous American, the future of the Duke and Duchess of Westmoreland looks very bright and in the years to come the Duke is destined to be one of the strong supports of his country, and backer of the ardent, public-spirited Duke of Farrington, who, having once tasted of the pleasures of a political career, cannot renounce them. Beautiful, charming Magnolia, Duchess of Farrington, is to have her happiness made all the greater in the near future by the marriage of her dear friend, Dick Hunter, and Garnet Eastlake, whom she and the Duke brought together, and over whose bliss they both rejoice. All this, however, lies in the future, and we take leave of the brides as they come from the church, both having proved to their husbands and each other the power of woman's love.

(The end.)

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr. F. E. May, Box 212. - Bloomington, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WHISKEY. How to make genuine Old Whiskey for less than 25 cents a gallon. This recipe has raised many a poor man to fame and fortune. Particulars free. HUESTIS & CO., Dept. 8, Jersey City, N. J.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE HOME CURE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT.
St. Paul Association, Suite 826,48 Van Buren St., Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

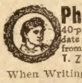
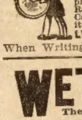


Photo Buttons! FREE
40-p. Catalog & Agents' Terms. Up-to-date goods & sure money makers. 'Copied from any picture. Satisfaction guarant'd.
T. Z MOTT, 416 Dearborn St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.



BRASS BAND
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; *mailed free*; it gives instructions for amateur bands.
LYON & HEALY, 22 Adams St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH
The Great Secret Writing System
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$5.50
STEM WIND
DUST PROOF
STEM SET

ACCURATE AND DURABLE.
Genuine American movement, plainly marked 17 Jeweled. Adjusted. Nickel. Quick-train. Red ruby Jewels, in raised gilded settings. Exact model of movement required by Engineers and Railway employes. This movement in our 4-ounce LUZON SILVER, open-face. DUST AND DAMP PROOF case, which will retain its color and WEAR A LIFE TIME, is the best value known for Railway Men, Mechanics, Laborers, Farmers, Boys, and those requiring a strong and durable watch. CUT AD OUT. Give Post-office and Express Office. We send C. O. D. with privilege of examination at SPECIAL PRICE, $5.50 and express charges, with GOLD-FILLED CHAIN included. Order at once (Allen & Co. are reliable—Ed.) Address, ALLEN & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 2 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BE INDEPENDENT.

It's Easy to Shake Off the Coffee Habit.

There are many people who make the humiliating acknowledgment that they are dependent upon Coffee to "brace them up" every little while. These have never learned the truth about Postum Cereal Coffee which makes leaving off coffee a simple matter and brings health and strength in place of coffee ills. A lady of Davenport, Iowa, who has used Postum Food Coffee for five years is competent to talk upon the subject. She says:

"I am a school teacher and during extra work when I thought I needed to be braced up I used to indulge in rich, strong coffee of which I was very fond and upon which I thought I was dependent.

"I began to have serious heart palpitation and at times had sharp pains around the heart and more or less stomach trouble. I read about Postum and got some to try. I dropped coffee, took up the Postum and it worked such wonders for me that many of my friends took it up.

"In a short time I was well again, even able to attend evening socials. And I did not miss my coffee at all. Now I can truthfully say that I have been repaid fully for the change I made. I have no indications of heart disease and not once in the past four years have I had a sick headache or bilious spell.

"My father, 78 years old, is a Postum enthusiast and feels that his good health in a large measure is due to the 6 cups of good Postum which he enjoys each day." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason.

In No Demand.

Mouldy Mike—I'm gettin' along slick now. Always asks fer work at me trade, and never gits offered any.

Weary Willie—Wot do yer pretend to be?

Mouldy Mike—A tombstone carver.

Weary Willie—And don't you ever git offered a job?

Mouldy Mike—Naw; I keeps away from towns wots got trolley cars.

Drake's Palmetto Wine.

Every sufferer gets a trial bottle free. Only one small dose a day of this wonderful tonic, medicinal Wine promotes perfect digestion, active liver, prompt bowels, sound kidneys, pure rich blood, healthy tissue, velvet skin, robust health. Drake's Palmetto Wine is a true, unfailing specific for catarrh of the mucous membranes of the head, throat, respiratory organs, stomach and pelvic organs. Drake's Palmetto Wine cures catarrh wherever located; relieves quickly; has cured the most distressful forms of stomach trouble and most stubborn cases of flatulency and constipation, never fails; cures to stay cured.

A trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine is going to be sent free and prepaid to every reader of the Chicago Ledger who writes for it.

A letter or postal card addressed to Drake Formula Company, 96 to 102 Lake St., Chicago, Ill., is the only expense to secure a satisfactory trial of this wonderful medicinal Wine.

Alarming News.

Western Storekeeper—I see by the papers that there is talk of dredging the Chicago River.

Drummer—My gracious! I hope they won't begin till I get back East.

Pile and Fistula Cure.

Sample treatment Red Cross File and Fistula Cure and book explaining each variety of piles, sent free. REA Co., Dept. B. W., Minneapolis, Minn.

Not Adopted.

First Fashion Leader—Why not adopt this style? It is very becoming to both of us?

Second Fashion Leader—Yes; it is becoming to us, but it does not make other people look ugly enough.

An Exceptional Opportunity Offered

To visit friends or your old home in the East during June and July, when the Erie Railroad will sell round-trip tickets at very low rates from Chicago to certain Eastern cities. Write D. M. Bowman, General Western Passenger Agent, Room 606, Western Union Building, for particulars, also receive free a copy of the beautifully illustrated Chautauqua folder. Stopovers allowed.

A Chiel's Among Ye.

Winkers—What a tiresome piece of insipidity that girl is.

Binkers—Her parents ought to keep her at home. The first thing they know some modern novelist will take her for a heroine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

One Little Favor.

She—No; it can never be. I do not love you enough to be your wife. But, before you go, I want to ask one favor.

He (dejectedly)—Well, what?

She—Please do not marry any one else.

French Lick Springs

In the Indiana Highlands on the Monon Route, excel all other mineral springs in America in the treatment of all blood diseases, cutaneous affections, dyspepsia, alcoholism, etc. Excursion rates and good train service from all parts of the country. Send for booklet. Chas. H. Rockwell, Traffic Manager; Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Where They Cut Loose.

Passenger—Is this the limited?

Porter—Yassir; ev'ythings limited 'ceptin' de charges in de dinin' car.

JOKES AND

Wise Youth.

"What's the price of your best tea?" asked the woman with the market basket.

"Two dollars a pound," replied the clerk.

"Isn't that too steep?" asked the bargain chaser.

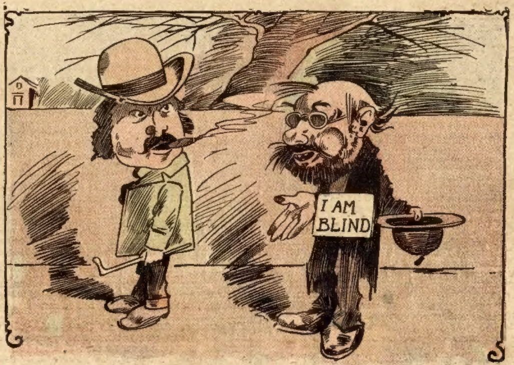
"Yes, ma'am," answered the youth, "that's what people buys tea for."

Mum's the Word.

"Papa," queried little Gertrude, "is it true that Chicago is full of temptations?"

"Yes, my child," replied the knowing sire. "There are at least 800 millinery shops within the city limits—but it isn't necessary to mention that fact to your mother."

HE EARNED THE MONEY.

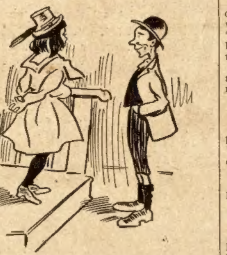


"Please help the blind."

"But you don't look like you're blind."

"I ain't, sir; but the 'blind man' has gone out to see the baseball game, and I'm taking his place till he gets back, sir."

Papa's Excuse.



"Are you going to the circus, Willie?"

"I s'pose I'll have to; father enjoys it so."

Important Part.

Uncle Josh (in restaurant)—Say, hev yew got enny fish?

Waiter—Yessah. We has black bass, striped bass, bluefish an' whitefish, sah.

Uncle Josh—I don't keer nuthin' erbout the color jist so es they be fresh.

One Woman's View.

"I suppose they turned me down because of my poverty," said the impecunious youth who had just been handed the frosty mit; "but you should remember that it is possible to have plenty of money and still be unhappy."

"True," replied she of the refrigerator mien, "but I would rather be unhappy with money than without it."

Rather Puzzling.

The baby had been bawling for three long hours.

"Mamma," said little Ostend, "do babies come from Heaven?"

"Yes, my son," responded mamma.

"Well, how can they call it the 'land of peace?' "

Rather Discouraging.

Rowland—I hear our "angel" nas been passing unfavorable comments about this vaudeville olio.

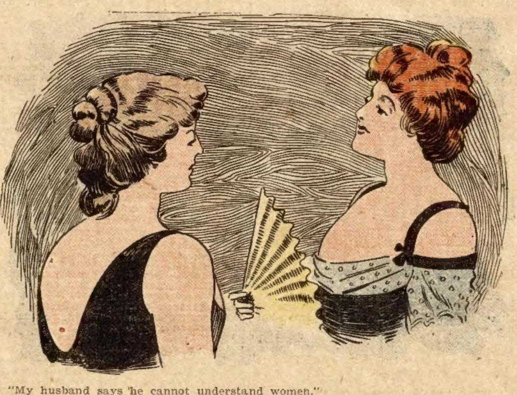
Foxey—Yes; he says the tramp sketch is the only act that is not bum, and that should be.

Appropriate.

Larry—They have a "flatiron building" in New York.

Denny—Phwat koind av brick is ut built av?

Larry—Pressed, Oi guess.



"My husband says he cannot understand women."

"My husband says that after a man does understand women he wishes he didn't."

Steak All Right for Once.

Wife (late to breakfast)—Mercy! That cook has ruined this steak! One end is burned black, and the other end is raw.

Husband (who came down early)—'Tisn't burned at all—just nice and brown, that's all. The other end is a little rare, but I like it that way.

"Nonsense! I'll ring for the cook at once."

"Cook's sick."

"Then who broiled the steak?"

"I did."

Willy's Snap-Shot.

The hallway was well lighted, but nobody was in sight, and the young man did not hesitate to kiss her after he had said good night two or three times.

"But what noise is that back there in the dark room behind that half-opened door, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Oh, I suppose that's Tommy trying his new motion picture machine," she answered. "Never mind him."

Those Sensational Newspapers.

Mr. Reader—The papers mention a number of instances in which labor unions have loaned money to employers, in order to keep the works running during the dull times.

Mrs. Reader—Yes, I noticed that; but I don't believe it.

Mr. Reader—Why not?

Mrs. Reader—I told Bridget about it, and asked her to lend me some money to pay her wages, and she got as mad as a hornet.

Where to Be Happy, Though Married.

Mrs. De Style—There were ninety debutantes in our set last season; and only nineteen young men. Isn't it horrid?

Professor Graybeard—Possibly the other young men have emigrated to Mexico.

Mrs. De Style—Mercy! What can be the attraction down there?

Professor Graybeard—The girls are very pretty, their fashions seldom change, and they never wear bonnets.

No Offense Intended.

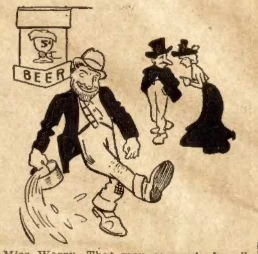
Mrs. Minks—I don't want to make a scene, but that man over there is staring at me very offensively.

Mr. Minks—He is, eh? I'll speak to him.

Mrs. Minks (a few moments later)—Did he apologize?

Mr. Minks—Y-e-s; he said he was looking for his mother, and thought at first that you were she.

Fine Point.



Miss Worry—That man seems to be ailing.

Expert—"Ale," nuttin', mum! Dat's beer!

Home Appreciation.

"It must be a great satisfaction to have such a palatial apartment," said the old-time friend.

"It is," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "it's a heap of comfort to have a house big enough to wander away and get lost in when mother and the gals are giving a musicale or a reception."

Sure to Move Them.

Traveler—Deadlock in your State legislature, eh?

Native—Yes.

"Why don't you break it?"

"Wish we could."

"Nothing is easier."

"How?"

"Introduce a bill to raise salaries."

A Lay View.

Mrs. Bibbs—Mrs. Crape got the insurance on her husband's life within a week after his death.

Mrs. Dibbs—Well, well! That's most extraordinary. They couldn't find any excuse for not paying it, I suppose.

Rather Extensive.

The Merchant—I suppose you have a wide acquaintance in St. Louis?

The Drummer—That's what. She weighs every ounce of 250 pounds.

JOLLITY

Something Unusual.

"May I come in?" asked the careworn shade, as St. Peter appeared in response to his knock at the gate.

"What was your occupation while on earth?" asked the veteran gatekeeper.

"I published a weekly newspaper," replied the applicant.

"Of course it had the largest circulation in the county?" said the old man, in a tone that savored of sarcasm.

"No, the smallest," answered the man outside the golden portals.

And after St. Peter had recovered from the shock he threw the gate wide open and invited the new arrival to enter and take his choice of harps and halos.

How He was Humiliated.

"What's the trouble, Henry?" asked his wife. "Wasn't the majority as large as you expected?"

"I'm not thinking about the election, Jess," gloomily replied the statesman, whose admiring constituents had returned him to Congress for another term. "You remember there is a brand of five-cent cigars named for me? Well, they're selling them two for five cents now."

Insinuating.

Harry—I hear you do not speak to Miss Rose.

Reggie—No; she is too offending. I told her I went to a phrenologist and had my head examined and she said there was nothing in it.

Harry—Did she mean there was nothing in phrenology?

Reggie—She said I could draw my own conclusions.

Method in It.

Manders—Supposing a fellow was going to choose a wife, Colonel, how would you advise him to set about it?

The Colonel—I should advise him to select a little one.

Manders—What for?

The Colonel—Because, when it is a question of a choice of evils, it is best to choose the least.

Fastidious.

"You look tired, grandma."

"Yes; there was a tramp here begging for a pair of shoes. After ransacking the house for an hour I found a pair, and guess what he said?"

"What, grandma?"

"He said he was from Boston and wore only buttoned shoes."

Revised Version.

"Never put off till tomorrow the things you can do today," remarked the man with the chronic quotation habit.

"That axiom's moth-eaten," rejoined the up-to-date specimen of hustling humanity. "What's the matter with doing them yesterday and resting today?"

The Wife's Reminder.

"The longer I live," sighed the sage, "and the more I learn, the more firmly am I convinced that I know absolutely nothing."

"I could have told you that twenty-five years ago," said his wife, "but I knew it would be of no use."

Reason to Be Mad.

"Yes," said the actor. "Starr, the tragedian, is mad, hopelessly mad."

"Overstudy?" asked the Crittick.

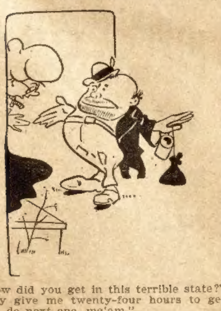
"No; it was his understudy that made him mad. He made a bigger hit in the part than Starr."

Only Half the Truth.

Wife (during the quarrel)—Yes, and people say you only married me for my money.

Husband—People are wrong, my dear. They overlook the fact that you also had considerable real estate.

And He Got.



"How did you get in this terrible state?"

"Dey give me twenty-four hours to get out o' de next one, ma'am."

An Eye to Business.

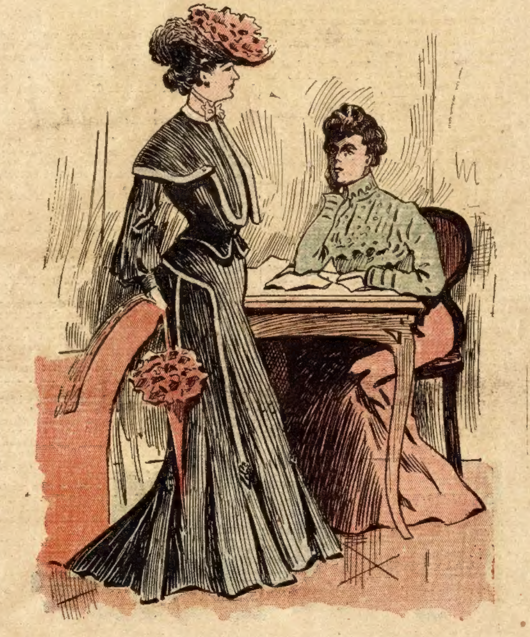
Mrs. O'Hooligan (in a hoarse whisper)—Wake oop, Moik! There's a burglar in th' room!

O'Hooligan—Rist aisy, me darlint. Faith, an' it's mesilf thot has me eye on him, an' if he foinds anything O'll git oop an' make him gimme half, b'gorry!

Great Variety.

"Gracious me," exclaimed the lady from next door. "Here are a dozen different plants sprouting in this corner of the yard. How did the seed get here, dear?"

"Why," responded the lady of the house, "my Uncle Cyrus of Kankakee combed his whiskers there."



Ethel—I see you have discarded all finery of late.

Millicent—Yes; you see, I found that ribbons and laces were dragging me down to perdition, so I gave them to my sister.

Modern Sherlock.

The modern Sherlock was somewhat puzzled about the marauder who made midnight descents on the French banking house.

"I didn't catch him," said Sherlock, "but I discovered he is a Yankee."

"How did you find that out, monsieur?" asked the friend.

"Why, I put up a sign, 'Fresh Paint,' and he touched it to see if it was dry."

It Would Seem So.

Giles—Nature certainly does some things in a roundabout sort of way.

Miles—Come on with the diagram.

Giles—Well, you are doubtless aware that we get chickens from eggs?

Miles—Sure.

Giles—Then, on the other hand, we get eggs from chickens. See?

Another Testimonial.

"Yes, Bad Bill was well pleased with your hair tonic," drawled Amber Pete. "He gave it a trial and it raised hair first rate."

"But Bad Bill is still bald," said the agent.

"Oh, he didn't try it on his head, pard; he tried it on his bear-skin breeches."

Fame.

The carriage builder had called in a new painter.

"Do you wish me to paint your name near the front wheel?" asks the man with the bucket.

"No," replied the builder, "I want my name on every tongue."

Real Thing.

Ping—Did you read Ranter's new novel?

Pong—No; is it realistic?

Ping—I should say so. Why, it's so real I never saw anything like it.

Uncle Reuben Says:

De only good thing about a mortgage am de fact dat yo' don't need any clock in de house to hurry along de time.

Hiram's Loss.

Cyrus—No, Hiram don't believe in these quacks that go around with a band of music. One of them hypnotized Hi and cut a wart off his neck.

Silas—Wasn't Hi glad to get rid of the wart?

Cyrus—No; he used to use it as a collar button.

Asked and Answered.

"Do you believe in marrying for love?" asked the girl whose face was her principal misfortune.

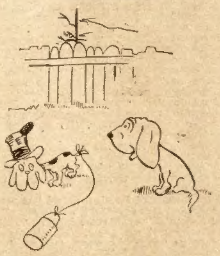
"Not necessarily," replied the gray-haired parson. "I have often married for money."

The Same Girl.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you you slapped me.

Young Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.

A Pessimist.



"So you don't believe that every dog has his day?"

"Naw; I don't think there's enough days to go around."

AGENTS WANTED

BIG PAYING BUSINESS For MEN, WOMEN. Write for names of hundreds of delighted customers. Make $30 to $50 weekly. Do business at home or traveling, all or spare time, selling Gray outfits and doing genuine gold, silver, nickle and metal plating on Watches, Jewelry, Tableware, Bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate. No experience, quickly learned. Enormous demand. No toys or humbug. Outfits all sizes. Everything guaranteed. Let us start you. We teach you FREE. Write today. H. GRAY & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Partic. for stamp. MacMasters, D 33, Decatur, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly. Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n O. Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS—Wizard Trick Pipe. Smokes freely without tobacco. No chemicals. Amazing; quick money. Sample ten cents. Speirs, 332 Broadway, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n Indianapolis, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 24 Bar St., Canton, O

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE SEND YOU FREE Our Agency offer and also assortment of our Jewelry which you may sell and pay for when sold. Both lady and gentlemen agents wanted. Address ATCHISON JEWELRY CO., 3d and Pine, ST. LOUIS, MO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVES Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$45 WKLY. selling ACME PUMP GOVERNORS. They make all pumps work easy and fit all kinds, (iron or wood). Mills run with ½ less wind. Agents exclusive territory. Its merits sell it. PUMP GOVERNOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dpt. 2 40 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 831, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED. Either Sex. No canvassing. No soliciting. No time from your regular occupation. No one will know you are my representative. No capital, outfit or experience needed. Easy, permanent, honorable and profitable work that can be done at home. Address J. W. KIDD, Key 7002 Ft. Wayne, Ind

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledge

FREE GOLD WATCH This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57, Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

Special Price Only.... 10c. PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample. Agents Wanted. W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agents Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Shipped On Approval We will ship any bicycle C.O.D. on approval *without a cent deposit* and if accepted allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL before purchase is binding. New 1903 Models "Bellise," complete $8.75 "Cossack," Guaranteed High Grade $10.75 "Siberian," a beauty $12.75 "Neudorf," Road Racer $14.75 no better bicycles at any price. *Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price.* Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.* RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town to buy sample wheel at *special price* and take orders for our improved '03 models. *There's big money in it.* ESTABLISHED 12 YEARS 500 Good 2nd-hand Wheels $3 to $8. DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions. MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 52 D Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WEDDED IN THE DARK Or WHO WAS HIS BRIDE?

By H. E. SCOTT.

(Copyright, by the author.)

Begun in No. 12, March 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

A UNION OF HEARTS AS WELL AS HANDS.

Philip Ray, notwithstanding the care bestowed on him by Doctor Perry, the trained nurse, and the family of his sweetheart, lay in a precarious condition for some weeks. Yes; and everything had been done toward keeping the young man's mind in a serene condition.

Mr. Ross had visited Rockford and ascertained that he was regarded as an unusually bright and honorable young man, and his former preceptor bespoke a brilliant career for him. He had ascertained, moreover, that he was a son of his old schoolmate, John Ray, and on his return he had visited the bedside of Philip and spoken words which without doubt accelerated the young man's recovery.

The words were: "Be brave, my boy. You must recover for my daughter's sake. You have nothing to fear from her parents. There shall be but one promise; we cannot lose our Ella. Your home henceforth must be with us. You are at the threshold of life; and a noble career awaits you."

Is it any wonder that Philip rallied rapidly after this? And yet, two months passed before he again visited Lincoln Park, and then in a carriage with his promised bride by his side. The driver drove to the intersection of Fullerton avenue and the Lake Shore drive.

"Ask him to stop the team, dear," said Philip. "Notwithstanding this place nearly cost me my life, I have longed to see it again; for right here all barriers were driven away that might have separated us. Right here I won my bride."

"Not so, Philip!" cried the fair young girl, whose arms were twined about his form; "you won my heart before. Here, you won those of my father and mother."

"And made it easy for honor and love to go hand in hand. I shall ever venerate this spot, and annually celebrate the first of May."

The evening of the first of September saw the Ross residence brightly illuminated, and there in the presence of the assembled guests the words were spoken that united as man and wife the brilliant young attorney and his heart's choice. Oh, yes, the Bardens were present at the wedding, and Agnes, though looking pale and wan, made a very lovely bridesmaid.

Celia Barden had thought: "Surely, Lilly will be present at her brother's wedding." Agnes had thought the same, and yet Lilly was three thousand miles away.

Reverend Morris Hope, of Rockford was present, and it was he that performed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross seemed very happy in the marriage, and Joseph Barden seemed particularly delighted. He and the Reverend Hope, the madam thought, chatted together as though they had met before, and she took the first opportunity to inquire of her husband where he had met the divine previously.

"Humph!" ejaculated the packer, who, in fact, had never met the parson until that night, although they had exchanged several letters, "never met him before, wife—never; but I have heard you speak of him. Very estimable person—very."

"Did he speak of his niece, Lilly Ray?" asked madam. "I should have supposed she would have been present at her brother's marriage."

"Her engagements prevented her attending," said the packer.

Celia had bowed, condescendingly, to the parson, but had spoken few words to him. She desired to exchange no words with him about Lilly.

A young medical student, Howard Merrill, a friend of Philip's, acted as groomsman, and after the wedding supper, when the carriage was announced in readiness to convey the bride and groom to the depot, from whence they were to leave on their trip, the groomsman and bridesmaid accompanied them.

The carriage was to convey Agnes to her own home after the bride and groom had departed.

"There," said the packer, as with his wife and Cora, he was riding homeward, "is a union of hearts as well as hands. A very, very appropriate marriage."

"Which never would have occurred," said Celia, "but for that unfortunate runaway on the first of May. Certainly, after that the young man was a hero in the eyes of every member of the family; but I should not have supposed that Ella would have been so weak as to yield. The young man, literally, had no standing in society, and was as poor as a veritable church mouse. An appropriate marriage? Ridiculous! Ella will inherit an immense fortune."

"And will not have a spendthrift husband to dissipate it, either, wife."

"Ella should have been the bride of Milton, but now I just hope he will wed some titled lady abroad. The social standing of the Ross family will not be elevated by that marriage."

"Humbug! What do you suppose Ella cares about social standing, now that she is married to the man she loves; but you can easily see that they are all proud of Philip, and he will give them reason to be. A young man of brain, sobriety and integrity, is worth a world of useless fops, brought up with a silver spoon in their mouths. The great men, the true, noble men, and useful citizens, come from that class. That young man will guide his wife into a social standing where intellect and worth rule. Don't worry about them. If our daughters are ever as satisfactory married, I will be a happy man."

"And I a happy girl," exclaimed Cora. "I think Mr. Ray is splendid."

"There, Celia! Well spoken, Cora; but it will be some years before you will be on the market yet, I trust."

"Yes, papa, unless——"

"Unless what, dear?"

"Oh, nothing, papa. Unless some young man saves my life, as Philip did Ella's, I came near saying."

"Ha, ha!" shouted the packer. "Girls like a little romance in their love affairs, don't they?"

It was quite late when the carriage containing the groomsman and bridesmaid rolled up to the door, and when it did Mr. Merrill saw Agnes up to the door and hastened away.

Both her father and mother noticed that she looked happier than she had since Milton had taken his departure.

"Ah, ha!" thought the packer, "I expect Philip and Ella have confided in her. She probably knows now why Lilly was not present at her brother's wedding. Will she confide in me? If she does, we must still keep the secret."

"I fear," thought the madam, "that Agnes was almost too much pleased with that young medical student. Her ambition must soar higher than that."

"I shall not descend the stairs again tonight, mamma; good night. Good night, papa."

"Good night, daughter. You look brighter than I have seen you for some time."

"I am as happy as a bird, for I——"

"Child, what?"

"Nothing, mamma, only I have seen a happy bride and groom depart on their wedding trip. Good night," and she hastily ran through the hall, and with almost her old natural laugh, ascended the stairs.

"Well turned," thought her father.

"I do hope," said the madam, "that she has not fallen in love with that young medical student."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the packer, "how you alarm me!"

"Joseph Barden, you are laughing at me; you are a brute!"

"My dear, I am your devoted husband. Let us retire."

CHAPTER XXII.

"SHE IS HUMAN."

It is now the twelfth of October; nearly a year since Milton Barden, that dark night in the summer house, listened to the words of the Justice, "I pronounce you man and wife," and clasped in his arms, not the form of his lovely Lilly, but that of his sister Agnes.

To Lilly, there had been a short interval of anguish, almost despair; but it had been soon dispelled, and now for ten happy months she had been Milton's wife.

They yet occupied the apartments on Court street, and there in company with his lovely wife and Aunt Sarah, Milton spent most of the hours not devoted to business.

True to his promise to his father, Lilly had been given the best musical instruction to be found. Her voice had been specially cultivated, and the charming young couple's society had been much sought by the elite of Liverpool. Fully as much so, because of the beauty and attainments of sweet Lilly, as for the reason that her husband was a representative of millions. Of course, they spent many evenings and afternoons among society people, and received many guests; but only were they entirely happy in the quiet of their own home and in each other's society, or with Aunt Sarah, visiting the points of interest in the Old World, and listening to her recount the trials and tribulations that she had undergone before she had seen them united.

This evening of the twelfth of October, Milton sat at the hour of eight in an arm chair before the sitting room grate, puffing away at a fragrant Havana, while the fingers of one hand were toying with the tresses of his wife's hair, who sat on a cushion seat at his side.

Aunt Sarah was busily engaged. She had a writing desk on her lap and was inditing a letter to her brother, the hardest work she had been called on to perform since she had departed from his residence for Wisconsin.

A buxom English girl was clearing away the dishes from the tea table, in an adjoining room.

Suddenly Aunt Sarah dropped her pen and her stout frame shook with laughter. "Why, Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Lilly. "Tell us; don't enjoy it all alone. You know there can be no secrets between us three."

"Bless your soul, Lilly, I was just thinking of your mother-in-law. My dear nephew, suppose she could look in on us now?"

"Aunt, she would see three of the happiest people in England. Oh, mother will come around all right in proper time. She will be proud of my talented wife, and love her as well as she does Agnes and Cora. She will get over her top lofty notions when we return and she sees how happy we are."

"Why, of course, she will," said Sarah. "She is human, I expect. She can but love your sweet wife."

"Now, Aunt Sarah, you say that because you love me; but I hope she will not always despise me. I should be very unhappy."

"Oh, mother will be all right," said Milton.

"But I think I see her," observed Aunt Sarah, "when we three walk in on them one of these days."

"There will be something of a surprise, Aunt. There she is, wondering what has become of Lilly Ray, and whether I am corresponding with her, or have sought consolation in the smiles of some English beauty. Possibly she yet hopes for the union of Ella and myself. She must wonder at my never having mentioned anything of Lilly in my letters. Surely, she must know that I am aware of the fact that it was not my sweet bride that I promised to love, cherish and protect, in the summer house."

"She can only conjecture how much you have ascertained, Milton."

"Strange I do not hear from my brother, dear."

"Yes, love, and also strange we do not hear from Ella. In her last letter she stated that their marriage would take place the first of September."

"All their troubles vanished after the brave rescue of the first of May," observed Aunt Sarah.

"Oh, we shall soon hear from them, and the next letter may inform us of their marriage."

"I hardly think so," said Lilly. "We would be advised of the day; but there is the doorbell. We have evening callers."

A moment later, and the servant entered the room.

"A lady and gentleman," she announced.

"You have their card, Harriet?"

"No, Mr. Barden. The lady said the card was of no consequence, and they followed me right in."

"Strange!"

"Hush, Milton, here they are."

"Heavens alive! Miss Ella!"

"And my dear brother. Oh, Philip, Philip! Now I am happy!"

"Not more so than I am, dear sister. This, then, is the husband to whom you were not united in the summer house. My dear Milton, it is with joy that I clasp your hand; but you already owe me an apology. You greeted this fair lady as Miss Ella. I see that you have not met before. Allow me to present my wife, Mrs. Ella Ray."

"My dear Philip, I feel that I have been acquainted with you for months," exclaimed Milton, "but as you can see, there is little prospect of my rectifying my mistake with Ella soon. Our brides are so mixed up, that but for my wife's wraps, one could hardly tell them apart. My aunt, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Ray."

"God bless you, madam. Lilly has written me pages about you. May I not claim the privilege of a nephew, also?" And the lips of Phillip pressed a kiss to the cheek of a happy woman.

"Oh, what a union!" exclaimed Mrs. Woods. "Come, Harriet, and prepare for a late supper."

"Not a thing, Aunt Sarah," exclaimed Ella. "We dined on the steamer not an hour ago."

"My dear brother, we were just talking of you, and wondering why we did not hear from you and Ella."

"We thought we would give you a surprise, sister. We were married on the first of September."

"And there was no elopement, Ella?"

"Indeed, no, Milton. My husband holds a secure place in the affections of my father and mother. The first of May last drove all barrier to our union away. And what do you think? Agnes was my bridesmaid."

"Dear Agnes, I have grieved much for her."

"Then cease now, Milton, for she is happier than she ever was before. Phillip and I confided all to her, and she wept tears of joy. She now hopes to be forgiven for so nearly wrecking your lives."

"Poor girl! We forgive her freely, do we not, dear Lilly? She nearly wrecked her own happiness."

"I am glad you confided in her," said Lilly. "I will write her that I love her as a sister. Oh, surely, Mrs. Barden must forgive us, but will Agnes keep our secret?"

"Surely; she has a father to confide in, and Mrs. Barden will remain in ignorance that she has a daughter-in-law until you return."

"And dear little Cora?"

"Oh, she knows nothing about it; but you always held her heart. She would wish no other sister."

"Mother saw her fondest hope decay when you two were united."

"I think she did, Milton, but ere this she is planning another marriage for you."

"Poor soul! All her plans come to naught."

"And she will see the day that she will be duly thankful that they did, and do," said Aunt Sarah.

It was at a late hour when the party retired.

Philip and his wife remained in Liverpool nearly a month, at the expiration of which time they paid a visit to London, accompanied by Milton, Lilly and Aunt Sarah. After a sojourn there of ten days, they took their departure for Paris, and Milton's business interests not permitting a longer absence, with his wife and Mrs. Woods he returned to Liverpool, where two months later they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Ray, who this time remained until the first of May, when they started for home.

"Exactly a year to the day," said Philip, as he bade his sister and her husband goodby at the dock, "since I risked my life for my bride."

"We will all celebrate it beneath my

ALLIGATOR
PUNCTUREPROOF
SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES
NAILS, TACKS AND GLASS, WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT.
ALL SIZES

NO TIRE MADE LIKE IT
FEEL OF IT

REGULAR PRICE $10 NOW ONLY $4.95 PER PAIR EXPRESS PREPAID

Sent C.O.D. subject to examination anywhere. No deposit required. Express paid only when cash accompanies order. Catalog free, with description and key to this illustration.

THE VIM COMPANY COR. STATE & LAKE STS. CHICAGO
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HUNTING CASE
GENTS OR LADIES SIZE

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. $3.75. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any $35.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address
H. FARBER & CO., A16, 23 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STOP CHEWING!

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 1,500,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

IT'S YOURS 30 DAYS

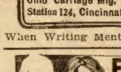
Then ours again if you don't find it the best buggy you ever saw that sold for a half more.

It is our "SPLIT HICKORY" HUMMER

Leather quarter-top buggy sold direct from our factory on 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL for $35.00. Send for free catalogue of full line of Split Hickory Vehicles and Harness.

Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.,
Station 124, Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure. Send three fallen hairs from your combings to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare specially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.
PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 484 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STEEL ROOFING
FREIGHT CHARGES PAID BY US

Strictly new, perfect, Semi-Hardened Steel Sheets, 2 feet wide, 6 feet long. The best Roofing, Siding or Ceiling you can use. No experience necessary to lay it. An ordinary hammer or hatchet the only tools you need. We furnish nails free and paint roofing two sides. Comes either flat, corrugated or "V" crimped. Delivered free of all charges to all points in the U. S., east of the Mississippi River and North of the Ohio River

AT $2.25 PER SQUARE

Prices to other points on application. A square means 100 square feet. Write for free Catalogue No. 400
CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., W. 35th and Iron Sts., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

20TH CENTURY
WONDER BOOK
MAGIC
GAMES

This book contains hundreds of wonderful things such as Fortune-telling, Puzzles, Dreams, Charm Omens, Lucky Signs, Astrology, Verses, Love Tokens, Physiology, Psychology. It is filled with valuable things. Don't buy fakes. This is the genuine. One book by mail, postpaid, 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents. Address

BLADAN LEJUR,
Room 401,
Boyce Building,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will send any bicycle to any address with the understanding and agreement that you can give it 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL and if you do not find it easier running, handsomer, stronger, better finished and equipped, more up to date and higher grade than any bicycle you can buy elsewhere at $5.00 to $15.00 more money, you can return it to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

$10.95 Buys our new HIGH GRADE 1903 NEWTON BICYCLE, which we guarantee stronger, easier riding, better equipped; better frame, wheels, hubs and bearings than you can get in any other bicycle for less than $25.00.

OUR 1903 NAPOLEON BICYCLE is priced at about ONE-HALF the lowest price asked by others. For Free Bicycle Catalogue, hundreds of price surprises in bicycles and supplies, our Free Trial and Guarantee Proposition and our Most Astonishing Offer, cut this ad. out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

father's roof," remarked Milton, "a year hence."

Farewells were exchanged, Philip and his wife quickly boarded the steamer, and were soon underway to America, where loving hearts awaited them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOD BLESS THE CHILD.

On the evening of the twenty-second of November Joseph Barden and his wife and daughters were seated in the parlor of their residence, in expectancy.

Two years had passed by since Milton bade the family adieu and departed for England, and the family had been advised that he would be home on or about the fifteenth

The packer had been to the depot repeatedly, but no Milton; and he had finally arrived at the conclusion that his son had not taken passage on the steamer he had expected to.

He had come to a wrong conclusion, for Milton and his bride right then were rapidly approaching Chicago.

Agnes on this occasion was seated at the piano playing a lively air with her old-time vivacity. There was a happy look on her face, and she appeared as one who was certainly free from care

Cora, a young lady now, and a very attractive-looking one, was seated by her father on the sofa, while Celia, in a large rocker, was seated nearer Agnes.

"I do wish Milton would come papa. Here you have been to the depot not less than five times, and no Milton."

"Oh, he may have missed the steamer, child; but he will soon be here now. Surely, before the week is out, I think; and he will see a great change in you."

"Will he, papa?"

"Why, yes; you are a young lady now, and a very pretty one."

"I must kiss you for that compliment."

"Well, come on, puss. I shall know how to gain kisses now."

"I do wish Mrs. Woods would come home before my boy returns," said Celia. "There will be so much to attend to then."

"She is on the way, wife. I received a letter from her."

"It would be strange," said the madam, "if they arrived at the same time."

"It is not at all likely, mamma," said Cora. "Milton, you know, comes from the East, while Aunt Sarah will come in on the Northwestern."

"Certainly, child; but they might return on the same day. I think it very strange of Mrs. Woods to have remained up there in the country so long, almost within a hundred miles of Chicago, and not have paid us a visit"

"Oh, doubtless," said Joseph, "she will remain long enough to make it all up when she arrives"

A peculiar smile was playing about the lips of Agnes during this conversation, but Joseph Barden looked as sober as a judge.

"I am expecting Mr. and Mrs. Ray here this evening, mamma."

"Indeed! There, I guess they have arrived. I hear the doorbell now. I don't believe," continued Agnes, "that there ever was a happier couple."

"I have always noticed," said the packer, "that those unions were generally particularly happy where a little more than the usual romance enters into the case."

"Then Milton's—I mean theirs, should certainly be," said Agnes.

"You no longer think it a mistaken union, do you, wife?"

"I think the young man very fortunate, to say the least. Of course, he has social standing now; and, having married Ella, wealth. But if we go abroad next season I shall expect Agnes to make a much more eligible match."

"I don't see how she can well," said the packer. "Philip Ray will be on the bench in less than five years. He is no drone. Ella married a man of worth and integrity. I know of but one young man I consider his equal"

"Who, pray?"

"Why, our Milton. The manner in which he has handled our affairs abroad has proved his worth and ability"

The packer noticed a disappointed look on his eldest daughter's features. "Yes," he added, "and there is another young man who is bound to make his mark in the world and that is Doctor Howard Merrill. Though I think he does not stand in your good graces?"

"No; I like the doctor very well, but you know the old aristocratic families are the ones that ambitious parents should seek alliances with."

"Humbug! Give me a young man or woman that seeks to make a name for themselves instead of one that is satisfied to court society on the strength of wealth or glory achieved by his ancestors. The ancestors were probably worthy men and women. Look at the ancestors of some of the most aristocratic families in America today. John Jacob Astor commenced life, a pack peddler. Cornelius Vanderbilt, running an oyster sloop. George Childs, setting type. They laid no claims to being aristocratic. Young Doctor Merrill holds a far better position than they did at the threshold of life. But here come our friends. Good evening, Philip. Ah, Ella, you look as charming as ever."

"Come with me, Ella, and deposit your wraps."

Agnes and Ella ascended the stairs, and Philip was soon seated near the packer.

"I suppose, Mrs. Barden," he said, "that you are anxiously looking for your son's return at this time?"

"Indeed we are, Mr Ray, and have been for the last three days."

"I trust he will not keep you much longer" as he glanced at the face of his watch"

"Really, I must have a fire built in his room. Cora, will you tell Martha to be prepared to get tea at a moment's notice, in case my dear boy does come tonight?"

"Yes, mamma," and Cora left the room, followed by the madam.

"Did you get a telegram, Philip?" asked the packer.

"Yes, Mr. Barden. They arrive at 9:20, and Milton desired that wife and I be here, or we would have gone to the depot."

"It is far better as it is. George will be at the depot with the carriage."

"Your wife does not dream that he will bring a wife and child?"

"Not a bit of it. Oh, I am glad you are here. There will be a surprise, I promise you."

"I know Lilly's heart is beating rapidly right now. She is wondering how Mrs. Barden will receive her."

"Just wait. I will answer for it She will receive her as her son's wife She will be a proud woman that we outmanaged her. Oh, I have high hopes of my wife yet."

At this point Mrs. Barden and Cora re-entered the parlor, and Agnes and Ella soon joined them.

"When did you hear from your sister, Lilly, Mr. Ray?" asked Agnes, as innocently as though Ella and herself had not just ben talking of her

"Today, Miss Barden."

"I trust she is well."

"Both well and happy, I thank you. I expect to see her very soon."

"Well and happy," thought the madam. "I thought she would get over it soon. I am glad she is happy, though. Recollections of that night have always troubled me. And, Milton? Oh, he is all over that affair. I wonder if he has lost his heart abroad?"

"Come, Agnes, you and Ella give us some music"

"Very good, papa," and, seated side by side at the instrument, they were soon playing a duet

"Your uncle is well, Mr. Ray?"

"Quite so, Mrs Barden. We expect him in Chicago tomorrow for a few days"

"A very estimable man," exclaimed Mr. Barden, "very. You must be sure and bring him to see us."

"Thank you, I will be pleased to," said Philip, again looking at the face of his watch.

"Oh, it is quite early," said the packer, "don t hasten away. You know Milton may be here yet: but what time have you?"

"Half after nine"

"Indeed, is it?"

The packer arose from his seat and walked out into the hall. He passed to the front door and opened it.

From a carriage that had driven up before the gate several people were descending, and he caught the words: "Have no fear, love; all will be well," in the well-known voice of his son

Leaving the door ajar, he hastily joined the group on the pavement.

"My dear ones, home again! Milton, my son! My dear daughter!" and one of the packers arms was clasped about each.

"My dear father! I am happy to see your face again."

"How is it with dear Lilly?"

"Oh, sir, I owe all of my happines to you."

"Never believe it. Well, Sarah, God bless you. So you have the young lady there?"

"And a lovely child, too, Joseph. She is sleeping soundly."

"Well, come. We will take up the line of march just as we are. My, but won't there be a surprise in a moment more!"

"Philip and Ella, father?"

"Are within, dear, come. You, on your husband's arm, and Sarah and I in the lead. Not a word until we cross the threshold of the parlor"

Up the walk side by side, proceeded the packer and Aunt Sarah. She bearing in her stout arms a sleeping infant, and right behind them were Milton and his wife

The steps were ascended. The outer door thrown open and they advanced into the brilliantly-lighted hall. The parlor door stood ajar

"Oh," thought Lilly, as she remembered that dark night when Celia Barden had tortured her on the upper floor, "will she repel me now?"

"Fear nothing, love" whispered her husband. "We will capture mother in spite of herself."

Through the door and into the parlor advanced the packer and Sarah. Just then the infant awoke.

"I take pleasure in announcing the arrival of my son and his family," exclaimed the packer.

"Milton! Milton! Aunt Sarah! Oh, Lilly! Lilly!" and in a trice they were surrounded by Philip, Ella, Agnes and Cora.

"Milton and family!" exclaimed Celia. "Milton and family? I do not understand. I I am too weak to arise. My son, my son!"

"Yes, mother, dear," and the young man tore himself from the arms of his sisters, and, kneeling, clasped his mother in his arms.

"My dear, dear boy! But why am I thus deceived? What, you also, Mrs. Woods? You, too, arrived?"

"Yes, my dear madam, and as the bearer of your namesake. Allow me to present Miss Celia Barden," and Aunt Sarah hastily advanced and on the madam's lap deposited the cooing infant.

The blue eyes of the little tot looked smilingly up into those of her grandmother. A pair of wee small arms were raised and a little mouth was puckered for a kiss.

"My daughter, mother your grandchild"

"Your daughter? Oh, Milton, Milton! Sweet little love," and Celia clasped the infant to her breast. You named her for your mother, my son. God bless you. Oh, is she not a little beauty?"

"The name was selected by her mother."

"By, by?"

"By my dear wife, sweet Lilly Barden, mother"

"Lilly—Lilly Ray!"

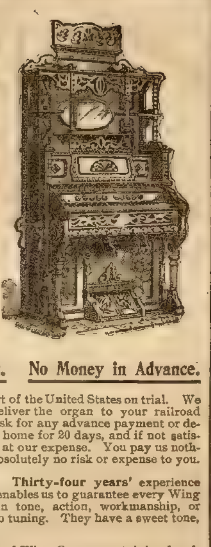
"Lilly Ray once, dear mother, but Lilly Barden now. Oh, tell me that you forgive us," exclaimed Lilly, coming forward, and kneeling by the side of her husband.

Celia Barden glanced from the face of the infant to those of the loving couple before her. "Lilly, Lilly! You named your child for the one who would have wrecked your happiness? Yes, and that of her son! My child! My daughter! It is I who must sue for forgiveness. I was heartless, cruel! Come to my arms, my love. Let all be forgiven in this happy hour; but I can scarce yet understand it—the summer house marriage?"

"Was null and void, wife. You were not

(Continued on page fourteen.)

WING ORGANS



We make the Wing Organs and sell them ourselves. They go direct from

Factory to Home.

We do not employ agents or salesmen. When you buy a Wing Organ, you pay the actual cost of making it and our small wholesale profit. This profit that we charge is very small because of the large number of organs we sell. A single agent or dealer sells very few organs in a year and has to charge a large profit.

You save from $50. to $150.

by buying an organ direct from the factory.

Sent on Trial. We Pay Freight. No Money in Advance.

We will send a Wing Organ to any part of the United States on trial. We pay all freight charges in advance. We deliver the organ to your railroad depot free of expense to you. We do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. You can try the organ right in your home for 20 days, and if not satisfactory to you we will take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the organ. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Thirty-four years' experience enables us to guarantee every Wing Organ for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship, or material. Wing Organs need absolutely no tuning. They have a sweet tone, easy action, very handsome case.

CATALOGUE.—A beautiful catalogue of Wing Organs containing handsome half-tone pictures will be sent free if you write.

WING & SON, 141-143 E. 12th Street, NEW YORK
1868—34th year—1902.

WING PIANOS are sold direct from the factory at a saving of from $100 to $200. They are sold on easy monthly payments. Sent on trial without any advance payment or deposit. Over 33,000 have been sold in the last 34 years. A book of information, containing 116 pages, sent free, if you will write to WING & SON, at the above address.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$10 DRESSES
ANY
MAN

$30 OUTFIT FOR $10

Free Samples and Measurement Blanks

To introduce our custom tailoring, we will make for a short time only an up-to-date "suit" made strictly to your measure, for only $10, and give you the following Complete Outfit FREE. Actual $30 value for $10, and you don't pay for it until you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your P.O. address and we send you FREE samples of cloth, tape measure and measuring blanks for size of suit, hat, shoes, shirt, etc., FREE!

1 Genuine Cheviot Suit made to your measure in latest English style	$20 00
1 Dunlap block Derby or Fedora hat	3.75
1 pair stylish lace Shoes	2.75
1 pair costly Cuff Buttons, 4 Shirt Buttons	1 50
1 Percale Shirt, collar and cuffs	1.25
1 neat Four in hand Tie or Bow	.50
1 pair fancy elastic web Suspenders	.50
1 Jap. Silk Handkerchief	.60
1 pair Lisle thread Socks	.25

(Other Suits up to $20, Pants $2 50 and up.)

$10 for this Complete Outfit, worth $30.00

Write at once before you forget it, as this offer may not appear again. Address
CHICAGO MFG. & MDSE. CO.
Dept. 347, 87 to 91 Washington St., CHICAGO.
Reference: Metropolitan Trust and Saving Bank, Capital $750,000.00.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully You probably know that manufacturers' supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail Simply enclose 10 cts with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

BAD BLOOD

"I had trouble with my bowels which made my blood impure. My face was covered with pimples which no external remedy could remove. I tried your Cascarets and great was my joy when the pimples disappeared after a month's steady use. I have recommended them to all my friends and quite a few have found relief."
C. J. Pusch, 967 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 600

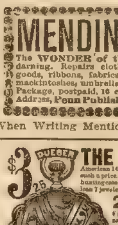
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages 25 cents. Address, Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



THE ONLY GENUINE

American 14k gold plate watch ever offered for sale at such a price. Beware of worthless imitations. Double hunting case richly engraved. Genuine standard American 7 jeweled movement absolutely guaranteed for

20 YEARS

Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch with a beautiful chain to your express office for examination. If as represented pay express agent our bargain price $3.25 and express charges and watch and chain are yours. Mention size of watch wanted LADYS or GENTS and order to-day before this offer is withdrawn. Address
R. E. CHALMERS & CO.
352-356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Star Monthly

Full of bright stories for boys. Departments on Stamps, Photography, Puzzles, Natural Science, Coins, Curios, Mythology, Physical Culture, Education, Athletics, The Crafts, etc. It is the best

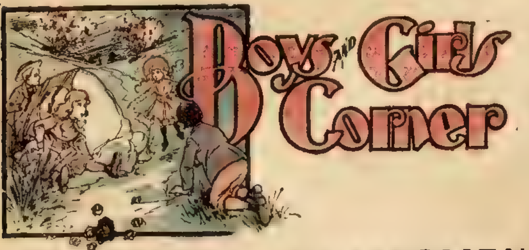
Boy's Magazine

32 pages. Lots of pictures. Chock full of good interesting stories for boys. It is now in its 9th year and has a circulation of over 100,000, but we want more subscribers, so we make a special reduced rate for trial subscription, of

3 Months for 10 Cents

Send 10 cents in silver or stamps. Write your name plainly, and we will enter you as a paid subscriber for 3 months. This reduced rate is for new subscribers only. Address
The Star Monthly, - Oak Park, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.



THE YOUNG PLAINSMEN

A Story of Western Adventure

By MARION JOHN

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 13, March 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be [illegible] mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

The emigrants now drew off for a conference, and the boys, inviting all the children that could find room on the horses' backs to climb up, took them for a short but happy ride around the wagons.

The talk had by the emigrants among themselves over the momentous trade they were contemplating took quite a little time, but it was over at last and the man who had first spoken and who appeared the leader of the party came forward and addressed the horse dealers with much earnestness.

"Young men," said he, "we uns has [illegible] that our first plan is to git shet of all our horned animiles and to hustle outen this 'ere country with hosses, ef we kin. We are well aware that hosses is hosses out this way, an' we expect to pay han'some fer 'em, but there's a limit an' one easy to reach on our pile. We don't know ef cows or oxen is any good to you 'uns nor ef you're hankerin' arter wagons, but this is what we'll offer: We'll set the price on four good hosses at eight hunderd dollars, an' we'll jump in the hull dum bilin' of horned critters, three wagons, other two at jest half, or, in other words, the hull truck, critters an' all, an' four hunderd dollars fer the four hosses. What you say?"

It was now the boys' turn for private consultation, and they rode a short distance from the others.

"It sort of scares me," whispered Johnnie, when they had reached a proper distance, "to see these folks so desperate to get horses. Just think of all the money and property they are willing to let us have for them!"

"It seems an awful price to me, too," admitted Henry, "but we must consider that they were evidently well-to-do when they started and are so sick of the slow traveling that they are anxious to do almost anything to get a faster way. Besides, the stock is of no use in the world to them if they travel with horses."

"Well, anyway, there can't be any doubt an' sech stuff as we can't tote along in the [illegible] and that is to [illegible] Johnnie.

"You do the talking, Hank," he added, "for you can talk sort of solemn, and if I try it they will be able to see in my face that I'm tickled to death."

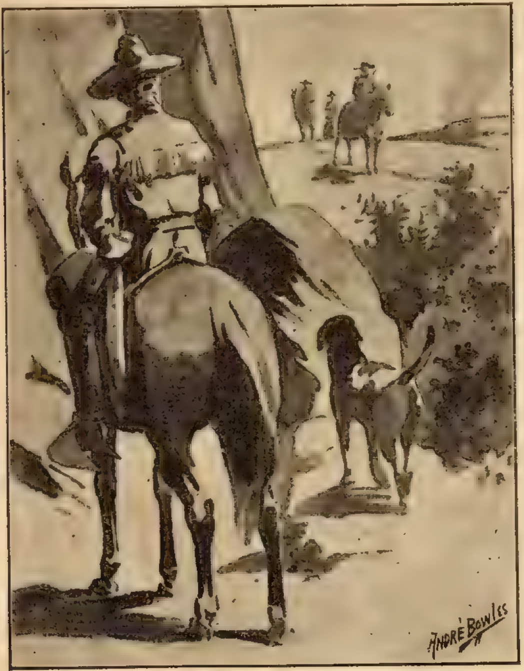
"We will accept your offer," said Henry to the man when the boys had ridden back "It will take us till the middle of the afternoon to deliver the horses and I suppose you will wait here for us to come back with them."

"In course we will," said the speaker, "an' I reckon there won't be no foolin' about this 'ere. 'Twould be a sorter bitter pill fer we 'uns ef you didn't come back. We're lottin' a good deal on gittin' a better motion to us."

"Oh, no! There will be no doubt of our coming back again. The deal suits us and we'd stand by it anyway. A deal is a deal with our father, and he'd make us keep it whether we wanted to or not."

"Kin you sure find us agin?" asked one of the women, anxiously.

"Without any trouble, even in the night," cried Johnnie, proudly. "We've got some dogs that would lead us right back over the trail of the horses in the darkest night."



The pursuing horses suddenly appeared against the sky.

"Gosh all fishhooks!" said the little red man. "I guess there ain't nothin' but you fellers has got!"

"Now dern all you men folks fer the biggest set of fools that ever wuz borned onto this earth!" suddenly cried one of the women who had not spoken before. "You sapgawneys has gone an' made a trade with these 'ere boys for four hosses' an' there ain't a sight nor sound of harness in the hull outfit, nor more straps than you all need to pull your boots on with."

The effect of this exclamation on the men in the emigrant party was crushing.

One and all their jaws dropped and expressions of dismay flashed over their faces.

Side by side they stood, a tired and dusty row, gazing with open mouths at the boys who now appeared to have got so much the best of them in a bargain.

Henry, too, seemed to share in the general consternation, for he turned a blank, unhappy face toward his little brother, but if anything except an actual solution of the difficulty could have cleared up the matter, it ought to have been the ringing laugh with which that small person startled all who heard him.

"What's the matter with you, Hank?" he exclaimed when he could get breath for words. "I declare, this tumble from happiness to sorrow was so quick and complete and entirely without reason that I couldn't keep in," and he laughed again. "See here, my dear old Hank," he continued, "what's the matter with the two double harneses we got out of the first wagon we found? If we sell these people horses, we've got to sell them harnesses, haven't we? For one, I'm glad to make the deal a little more even."

"Sure thing!" shouted Henry. "We've got the harnesses all right, gentlemen," he said, turning to the immigrants and noting with pleasure the look of intense relief that spread over their faces.

"You little fellers is square, all right, sure enough," admitted the woman who had cast the bombshell of doubt in the midst of her friends, and a general jollification ensued.

No more time was lost in preparing for the exchange.

The boys set off at a good pace to return to the ranch, and the emigrants, somewhat doubting in their secret hearts that they would ever see again the horsemen who had appeared and vanished so much after the manner of visions, went to work industriously, however, upon the difficult task of selecting such of the worldly goods as should be proper to load into the only two wagons they were to take with them on the rest of their journey.

On the arrival of the boys at the ranch, it was decided in family council that if the cattle were not too poor and worn out to be revived by good care, and if there was much worth having in the wagons that were to be left, the trade was altogether too unequal against the emigrants to stand as the boys had settled it, and all grasped eagerly at the solution suggested by Hiram that they add two more horses to the number to be deliv-

NO MARKS ON PACKAGE TO INDICATE CONTENTS

FREE WHISKEY FOR MEDICINE

THE REASON WE SAY IT'S FOR MEDICINE IS BECAUSE IT'S PURE

DIRECT FROM A UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

Send us your order for four full quarts of ten-year-old Rye for $3.15, **express prepaid,** and we will send you, **free of charge,** two sample bottles—one twelve, one fifteen-year-old—Rye, a corkscrew and a gold-tipped whiskey glass. We make this offer simply to get you to try the goods. **We also have this same brand eight years old, which we will dispose of at $2.50 per gallon,** in lots of two or more gallons at one shipment. We also give sample bottles, glass and corkscrew with these goods. All our goods are put up in full quart bottles, and sent express prepaid. If goods are not satisfactory, return them at our expense and we will **refund your money.** It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. These goods are shipped direct from the Distilling Co., which guarantees their purity and saves middleman's profit. We are the only Registered Distillers in America selling to consumers direct the entire product of "Our Registered Distillery," others who claim to are only dealers buying and selling. **REFERENCES,** any Express Co.

NOTE.—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., Fla., must call for twenty quarts prepaid.

KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO.,

ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE.

820 Kellerstrass Block KANSAS CITY, MO.

Warehouse 820, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The above firm are sole owners of Registered Distillery No. 22 of the Sixth District of Missouri. When writing them please mention CHICAGO LEDGER.

Lucky 3 Puzzle

$3,000.

1003 Prizes to Those Who Enter This Contest

Below will be found a square in which there are a lot of figure 3s. They are all mixed up so they are hard to count. No one knows how many figures there are in the square and no one will know exactly until the type is taken out and counted one by one by a committee of three persons.

In order to interest every reader of this paper in the puzzle, we will give away three upright pianos and 1,000 other presents to the persons who count the 3s correctly and to those counting nearest correctly according to conditions. Read the following very carefully: The person sending in the correct count gets a piano, the person next nearest above the correct count gets a piano. The person next nearest below the correct amount gets a piano. The next 1,000 nearest—that is, 500 next nearest above and 500 next nearest below the correct count each get a handsome present. Should it happen that two or more persons send in a count exactly the same and the count would entitle them to one of the three pianos, then these persons' count will constitute a tie, and in such a case we will give each person a chance to devote a little spare time in our behalf and the one making the best report will be awarded the piano. You will see that any person sending in four counts has a chance to get all three pianos and a present besides.

Remember there are three pianos and 1,000 other presents to be given away. The presents sell at 50 cents to $1.00 each at retail.

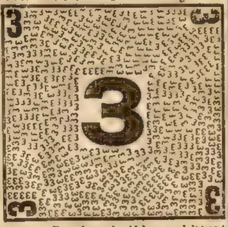
The contest closes Saturday, May 30, 1903, at 6 P. M. All answers mailed by that time will be counted. On June 1st, or as soon thereafter as possible, the answers will be sorted according to counts, then a committee of three will carefully count the figure 3s in the square and certify the count, then the answers or counts will be compared with the correct number and the awards made.

The pianos are listed at $750.00 each by the manufacturers and the 1,000 presents sell from 50 cents to $1.00 each at retail, so you see we are giving away $3,000.00 worth of presents.

It is an absolute condition that we require each person to subscribe for the WOMAN'S WORLD in order to enter the contest, and each person must fill in the count plainly in the space below.

You may send 25 cents for one year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD entitling you to one count, or you may send in 50 cents which will entitle you to four years' subscription and four counts.

HOW MANY THREES IN THIS SQUARE?



The WOMAN'S WORLD is the best popular-priced magazine in the country we think, and we feel sure you will like it. It is full of good reading and pictures. Every home should have good, interesting reading matter in it. This is the object of this advertisement. We want a lot of new subscribers so we can reach 1,000,000 circulation by fall. Our present circulation is 800,000 copies. We have been in business in Chicago nearly 20 years. We own our own 12-story office building, 6-floor printing building, and we also own a paper-mill and coal mine. We are responsible and always do as we agree.

If you are already a subscriber, state the fact, and the subscription will be added to your present subscription. We will furnish copies of this offer for your friends if you will write us. Many persons get several friends to answer and agree to share the prizes anyone in the club may win.

This is a liberal inducement to get subscribers and the three persons who get a piano each will be great advertisements for us. Besides this, 1,000 other persons will get handsome presents. Remember you can send in as often as you wish. The more of your friends who send in and agree to share with you, the greater your chances are.

All counts must be filled in the blank below, and sent in before the contest closes; the first person sending in has as good a chance as the last, as time makes no difference so long as you send in before May 30, 1903, at 6 p. m. The blank below is arranged for either 25 cents and one count or 50 cents for four years' subscription and four counts. Cross out the words in the blank according to whether you send 25 or 50 cents. Address all subscriptions and counts to

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago.

WOMAN'S WORLD, CHICAGO:

Enclosed find {25 cents / 50 cents} for {one / four} year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to {one count / four counts} in your Lucky "3" Puzzle contest. I register my {one count / four counts} in the blank below:

Yours truly,

Name.....

Street, Post Office or Rural Route.........

Town..... State..........

First Count	Second Count	Third Count	Fourth Count

☞ NOTE—Write the figures in the square. Do not spell them.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ered. There were only four well broken to harness, but several besides were sufficiently broken so that they could be led and ridden.

There were no more than the four harnesses to be gotten together, but the emigrants could break the horses themselves and so have a chance to change every day two horses that had worked the day before for the two that had not.

Hiram went back with the boys and the horses to make the exchange, and it was long past noon of the following day when they returned with the three wagons and the long train of lean and sorry-looking animals that might be looked to, if all went well, for milk in greater or smaller (probably smaller) quantities at some time in the not too distant future.

"The Harper Party," as the emigrants had called themselves, had certainly been very lavish in their fitting out, for, even after they had piled all they dared into the two wagons they took along, that which remained and went in part payment for the horses was a rich haul to the Waites.

A good plow, a box of window glass, axes, saws, tools, and two barrels of flour were some of the things that gladdened the ranchers as they looked over the store.

The boys reported that the emigrants had been "struck dumb" with delight and gratitude at having two extra horses added to the exchange, and that one of the first things done was for the small, red man to mount one of the horses "an' ride an' ride an' ride" till he made speed enough and covered distance enough to fill his soul's desire for once.

The day after the return the plow was set in motion with a goodly force of oxen in front of it, and quite a strip of land turned over to be planted with some more potatoes, from seed found in the three wagons. They could not hope for a very heavy crop on the sod ground, but they planted them with elaborate care and gave them all possible attention afterward, when the tubers were growing.

Life now assumed a very busy shape to the ranchers. The horse-breaking went on with great energy during all the time that could be devoted to it; the new stock had to be carefully looked after; hunting had to be done in the mountainous country to the west, so as to supply their needs, and preparations were begun for better quarters for the winter that would be coming along after a while.

It was a long time before any of their expeditions in search of emigrant trains to sell horses to brought about such good results as the one on which they had encountered the Harper party, but sarcely a week went by in which they did not make some sort of a deal, and in the wonderful way in which news traveled backward and forward over the emigrant trails of the time, it soon became known far and wide that a remarkable "gang o' hoss traders" were ranging up and down the country, over a space more than a hundred miles wide, trading off "fancy hosses fer truck an' cash, but mostly cash," and there were many exaggerated stories told around the campfires of "a couple of slick young fellers, no bigger'n kids, ridin' over the perary like the very ol' Nick, on a white hoss an' a black hoss that could travel a hunderd miles a day an' not feel it a mite."

But, intermixed with all these good things, there came to their ears, seldom and scattered at first, but with increasing frequency, reports about depredations committed by the Indians that had their ancient hunting grounds all over these wild prairies.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

About two months after meeting the Harper party, an expedition was planned to one of the forts, or military and trading stations, which lay off to the northeast fully two hundred miles.

There were many things they needed that could only be obtained in such a place, and many of the emigrants they had met assured them that the best place in the world to sell good horses would be at a military post.

Hiram, Henry and Johnny made up the party, and it was a rather solemn occasion for those who went, as well as those who remained behind.

It would be good traveling, indeed, to make the journey in four days, and if two days were consumed in the trading, and five, perhaps, with a heavy load in returning, that would make pretty nearly two weeks elapse before the anxious parents and sister could be certain of the welfare of the boys, and during which the boys themselves would probably have many uneasy moments when they thought of the possible danger from Indians to the three who were left at home.

In one of the late trades they had disposed of the old team of oxen that was first introduced to the reader, and which were now fat and in fine condition, at a handsome bargain to some emigrants whose horses had given out, and among the other property received in exchange, they had got a set of double harness, so they were now able to, and did, hitch up a four-horse team to the light wagon left behind by the party that "skun out" for California.

Little Hi's quality of being "all hoss" came into the best kind of play here, in enabling him to act as driver, and four of the best broken horses were selected for the team.

They took with them fifteen horses for sale, fastened together in two groups of seven and eight, respectively, with some of Hiram's excellent rawhide halters, and under the charge of Henry and Johnnie.

It was a very sad party that separated at the outer opening of the canyon one clear, hot morning, and the boys, as much to divert their thoughts from the parting as for purposes of haste, set out at a very brisk pace, and did not dare to turn and look back again till they were sure the intervening hills had cut them off from the possibility of seeing the others watching them.

There was no difficulty about finding the way, for they had learned in their many excursions just what direction to take in order to strike the proper trail, and when they had gained that, the rest of the way was easy.

Hiram's ride was a pretty hard one.

The pace was rapid and he was not the boy to complain, but the roads were not of the best, so he declared afterward that he "wa'n't a-settin' on the seat more'n a quarter of the time, but was a-jumpin' and a-boundin' around, aloft and over, much similar to an' like popcorn in a popper."

They met not many trains or scattered wagons on the road, and such as they did encounter they passed with but scant time allowed for salutations and explanations, except that they were bound for the fort.

Late in the evening of the third day they came across some three or four families that had just settled down for the night, and from them they learned that it was not over thirty miles to the fort, and were filled with satisfaction to know that they had only an easy day's march ahead of them for the morrow.

Being informed by the campers that there were good water and grass a mile or so along the trail, and not at all liking the "tough" appearance of the party, they pressed on to the place indicated, finding it easily and soon making arrangements to spend the night.

The horses were all tethered separately, after being given all the water they would drink, and under Henry's skillful hand a fine supper was hissing and steaming on the ground beside their little camp stove.

"I didn't fancy them 'ere campers back there a great deal, my friends," Hiram's drawling voice broke the silence after the meal was well under way.

"They wuz pretty black and hard-lookin' an' the way they eyed Demon an' Fairy over wuz a warnin' to me, at least, to be good and sharp on the watch tonight."

"Yes," added Johnnie, "and I glanced back that way after we had got in between this camp and theirs, showing off mighty plain against the red sky."

"The horses were enough to make their mouths water, compared with the skinny lot they had," said Henry, "and we'll put out a little extra effort tonight to be sure they don't run off anything."

"I'm mighty glad we brought both of the old dogs along," said Johnnie, "for I always feel as if we couldn't be surprised when they are watching around."

"Sure, an' they was both a-ridin' when we passed the camp up there, too," put in Hiram, "an' them fellers, ef they do come down this way, won't be lookin' out fer no dorgs an' will be as like as not to git a chunk bit outen 'em big enough fer a dog's breakfast."

Hiram's watch was the first part of the night, Johnnie's next and Henry was to close up the gap till morning. There had been no disturbance when Hiram awakened the little boy at 12 to stand guard till 2 when Henry was to relieve him.

Any little boy who reads these words will know very well that it was a pretty hard thing for a healthy, sleepy little fellow like our young friend to turn out of a snug bed at midnight, but Johnnie made no murmur when Hiram had finally shaken him awake, though it took a good deal of muscle to do it, and as soon as he was awake he put on his coat and shoes, took his light but deadly rifle, walked very carefully out to where the horses were picketed and showing dimly in the faint star-

A Trust Builder in Knee Trousers

ROY DUDLEY is the *"Promoter"* of a *"Trust"*

Composed of school boys in a Virginia city. In organizing his "combine" he displayed the energy and ingenuity of a Morgan. His dividends amounted to $38.20 the first month.

A few months ago young Dudley started to sell ***The Saturday Evening Post.*** He got permission to call upon the employees of two department stores and from 45 of them secured orders to deliver the magazine. The next day he secured 30 more orders from business men. His chum, "Taffy" Wood, became a little envious and wanted to do the same thing, but young Dudley convinced him that to do so would mean "ruinous competition." Instead, he offered to re-sell copies to "Taffy" and to turn over to him a part of the customers already secured, with the understanding that he would get a certain number of *new* customers. Then he made the same sort of a bargain with Taffy's younger brother.

Three other boys had started to sell ***The Post*** before the "combine" was organized. He asked them to join his combination, but they refused his terms and serious trouble was threatened. Next week Master Roy secured 14 new customers in the territory in which his rival was working. Then he offered to "absorb" his competitor by giving him these new customers, provided he would get some more new ones and thereafter buy his copies from the "monopoly." The remaining two boys "compromised" and started work under Roy's direction the following week.

Then Dudley wrote to the publishers explaining what he had done, and offered to place a standing weekly order for three months, provided no new boys were appointed during that time. Within two months he was selling 350 copies a week. One week he sold a thousand copies. This is the record of a boy in knee trousers, ten years old.

If You Will Try It we will send the copies and everything necessary, including A DAINTY LITTLE BOOKLET in which twenty-five out of more than six thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST outside of school hours.

Some of these boys are making $10 to $15 a week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cents a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed Next Month among our boys

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 459 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE!! This Beautiful Upright Piano is Yours

IF YOU'LL NAME IT.

We have just brought to a state of perfection a piano which we have had our most skilled artisans construct according to the ideas and experience gained from over 20 years of extensive piano manufacturing. Celebrated pianists and noted piano manufacturers everywhere, who have seen it, all say with one accord that it is the most perfect toned, exquisitely and superbly constructed instrument in workmanship and finish that they have ever seen. It is certainly the finest product we have ever turned out from our factory.

We want a name for this piano; we want you to suggest a name which you think will adequately represent the virtue and superiority of this superb instrument. To the person who sends a name for this piano which is decided on by three competent and reliable judges as being most appropriate we will give absolutely free this elegant $500 piano. Remember, there is but one simple condition; just send in a name you think suitable for the best piano in the world, together with your name and address, and we will promptly acknowledge safe receipt and inform you as to when decisian is to be made. **Do not send any money; simply suggest a name for the piano and mail it to us at once with your name and address. Send your name at once and you will receive our reply by return mail. We ship this piano as prompt as possible. If when you receive this piano you do not consider it to be fully up to the description given above, send it back to us and we will give you $500.**

$100.00 REWARD We will pay this reward to any one who can prove that we do not do exactly as we say. Your suggestion may be the accepted name.

BOYLSTON PIANO MFG. COMPANY. Factory, 684 Harrison Avenue; address all communications to Warerooms and Office, 657K, Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA IS FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I Cure Women

OF FEMALE DISEASES AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Will Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send Free a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has never failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, knowing that it will always effect a cure, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, although it is true as gospel. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. The free trial packages alone often are enough to cure.

*Just sit down and write me for it today.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box No. 36. Kokomo, Ind.

Weak Man

Cure Yourself

CHIEF OF STAFF.

I will send FREE to any man a sample receipt for self-treatment which positively will promptly cure any case of vital weakness, loss of vigor, nervous debility, varicocele—whether the result of excesses, dissipation or natural development. It cannot fail. I speak from experience. I was a physical wreck, and it cured me quickly, giving me buoyant freshness and sturdy vitality and vigor, with the ambition that raised me from a hard-working shoemaker to a profitable profession. I cured myself; so can any and every man. My case was chronic, desperate; but this receipt brought me new life and almost instantly. God alone knows how I suffered with weakness and humiliation, and in memory of this suffering I extend the helping hand to my fellow men. Simply send me your name and address and I will send the receipt in a plain sealed envelope and you cure yourself at home, to be a man among men. Delays are dangerous where health, happiness and even life itself is at stake. Write today. Address

The Northwestern Medical Ass'n,
165 Lincoln Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SPORTING GOODS, DICE, CARDS, ROULETTE WHEELS.

Expert work on Dice, Cards and anything in line. CATALOGUE FREE. Kernan Mfg. Co., (Inc.) Dept. G. Z, Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

An Electric Belt Free

Send Your Application At Once To The Physician's Institute.

They Will Send You Absolutely Free One of Their 100 Guage Supreme Electric Belts, the Belt Which Has Made so Many Wonderful Cures—You Needn't Send Even a Postage Stamp, Just Your Name and Address.

Seven years ago the State of Illinois granted to the Physicians' Institute of Chicago a charter.

There was need of something above the ordinary method of treatment for chronic diseases, something more than any one specialist or any number of specialists acting independently could do, so the State itself, under the powers granted it by its general laws, gave the power to the Physicians' Institute to furnish to the sick such help as would make them well and strong.

Ever since its establishment this Institute has endeavored in every possible way to carry out the original purposes of its establishment under the beneficient laws of the State.

Three years ago, the Physicians' Institute, realizing the value of electricity in the treatment of certain phases of disease, created under the superintendence of its staff of specialists an electric belt, and this belt has been proved to be of great value as a curative agent. From time to time it has been improved until it reached that stage of perfection which warranted its present name of "Supreme."

This belt is the most effective of all agents in the cure of rheumatism, lumbago, lame back, nervous exhaustion, weakened or lost vital functions, varicocele, kidney disorders and many other complaints.

This "Supreme Electric Belt" is made in one grade only—100 guage—there is no better electric belt made and no better belt can be made. Whenever in the opinion of our staff of specialists the wonderful curative and revitalizing forces of electricity will cure you we send you, free of all cost, one of these Supreme Electric Belts. It is not sent on trial, it is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. This generous offer may be withdrawn at any time, so you should write to-day for this free "Supreme Electric Belt" to the Physicians' Institute at 299 Unity Building, Chicago, Ills.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

light, and seated himself beside two that were lying down.

There was no moon shining, and objects could only be distinguished, even faintly, at a very short distance.

The wagon stood a hundred feet from where he was, a dim blur of darkness and night, except the faint noise made by the horses that were eating the grass.

"This is mighty still and solemn here," said Johnnie. "I wouldn't be a bit mad if I had some one to keep me company—and, by gosh! I believe I have, too!"

One of the dogs had been ordered to watch near the wagon, and the other from where the lately broken horses were, and near to where Demon and Fairy were picketed, and it had been agreed that the boy on watch should give most of his attention to the fifteen horses for sale and the four making up the teams, that were near together where the grass grew the longest and richest.

What had attracted the young sentinel's attention was a faint noise as of heavy, but slowly-moving footsteps out to the west in the direction of the suspected camp, and a slight disturbance and movement among the horses gave him additional reason to believe he was not mistaken.

He rose to his feet and strained his gaze into the darkness, but could see nothing.

Then there came to him the memory of old hunters' stories and how the best way to see at night is to lie down close to the ground and endeavor to bring the object looked for between one's eyes and the sky.

Acting at once upon the idea, he dropped to his hands and knees and crept rapidly away from among the horses and then laid his head on the ground and gazed out in the direction where he thought he had heard the sound.

His heart, plucky little heart as it was, stood still in his bosom at what he saw, and his breath came suddenly with a great gasp.

Dimly outlined against the sky, his sharp eyes discovered five horsemen approaching slowly and silently over the prairie, and like a flash their probable plan and the danger the young traders were in came to him.

The men were evidently intending to gallop in among the horses at full speed, stampede them, and secure as many as they could for themselves as they were running about the prairie.

Even Demon and Fairy might fall victims to this scheme, and once they were lost to the boys, their recovery in this wild, unsettled and lawless country would be impossible.

At the very idea of losing them, Johnnie's lips set themselves in a straight, hard line, and the trusty rifle he had been drawing along at his side was silently but swiftly drawn to the front, and with the memory of Hiram's lessons in marksmanship fresh in his mind, he swung quickly around onto his back, with his feet pointing toward the coming ruffians, the muzzle of the rifle resting between his toes and the breech against his cheek, while the bright and determined eye glanced along the leveled barrel.

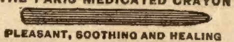
The five men had paused a moment, evidently to get their bearings as well as possible, and make sure of their plans before the rush.

Another installment of this highly interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are still being sent our cameras and patterns free, as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

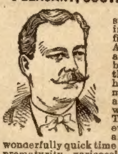
TEN DAYS' TRIAL OFFERED MEN.

Great Parisian Method That Cures Diseases of Men Without Taking Medicine Into the Stomach and in Their Own Home—Let Every Man Send for it.

THE PARIS MEDICATED CRAYON



PLEASANT, SOOTHING AND HEALING



By a wonderful method successfully used for years in France, and now for the first time introduced in America, it is possible for any man, no matter how bad off, to instantly regain the vigor of young manhood without taking any medicine into the stomach, and to prove that it will do this we offer a full Ten Days' Treatment to every man sending name and address. It cures in wonderfully quick time lost vitality, emaciation, prematurity, varicocele, hydrocele, stricture, blood poison, unnatural discharges, irritation and enlargement of the prostate gland, and all bladder and urinary disorders of men. It is the only method known to science that will electrify the body, rout wasting diseases, create vigor, warmth and force, and all this without medicine taken into the stomach.

Write to Dr. Stevens & Co., Columbus, O., Box 611 We offer Ten Days' Trial Treatment to every man. It is no "prescription," "deposit," or "C. O. D." scheme, as this firm is too large to resort to such petty ways. We send the most complete book ever written on the Diseases of Men, telling all, and fully illustrated with 40 engravings from life. Everything is confidential, and sent perfectly plain. We trust every gentleman reader of this paper will write us at once and thus get the Ten Days' Trial Treatment and book.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc. Guaranteed. Circulars 2 cts. Address BRYANT BROS., Box 121-37, DALLAS, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to **COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM,** of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address

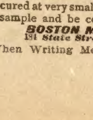
MRS. B. MARY BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WOMEN CURE YOURSELVES. CLEMATINE WOMAN'S REMEDY will positively cure all female diseases by a simple and easy method. A home treatment to be used by yourself, the discovery of an experienced physician, contains no dangerous drugs. Correspondence strictly confidential. One dollar per box. Send for circular. The Clematine Remedy Co., 65-39th St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Wonderful Success.



Chief of Staff.

The French absorbtion method brought over from Paris by our chief of physicians is simply wonderful in its results.

FREE SAMPLE POSITIVELY NO C. O. D.

Every man suffering from excesses, abuses, spermatorrhœa, or any sexual disorders can be cured at very small cost. ☞ Write for FREE sample and be convinced.

BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
181 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Wedded in the Dark.

(Continued from page eleven.)

the only plotter in the family. I forwarded Lilly and Aunt Sarah to New York. They accompanied Milton abroad, and there they were made man and wife. You may well believe that they have not been unhappy during the last two years."

"Thank Heaven, I was outgeneraled; but how long has Agnes known of this?"

"Since the night of Ella's marriage, mother. Before that I was a most unhappy girl."

"Why, sister, why did you not confide in me, that I might have been happy also?"

"Cora, we feared your happiness would tell the tale, and mother must be surprised."

"Well, child, tell Martha to——"

"The table is already spread, wife. I had given orders for a royal supper at eleven o'clock."

"I would not have believed that I could have been so happy in this union, my children; but I now see that if my silly notions had not been thwarted every one of us would have been miserable and unhappy today."

"Thank Heaven, Celia, you——"

"I have come to the conclusion, Sarah, that as a match-maker I am a complete failure. Yourself and Joseph Barden are clearly entitled to a larger share of the affection of my son and his wife. Among you you have stifled, killed, all my lofty ideas and silly hopes of my children's forming what I termed 'aristocratic marriages.' As Joseph would say, 'wedding frivolous members of an artificial society.' With your help, my dears, we will found a new aristocracy, to which worth, merit, truth and candor shall be the passport."

"Why, we will all join you, wife, now you have won all our hearts."

"Hearts were trumps in the games in which I have been defeated, husband."

"Yes, wife; and they won."

"As they should have done, Joseph. By the way, Mrs. Woods, how did you enjoy your trip to Wisconsin?"

"Really, Celia, by the way of Liverpool, I should ordinarily suppose the trip would be very tedious; but in my case, though I have been two years enroute, and have not reached there yet, I never enjoyed a trip so much in my life."

"God bless you, sister."

For the first time in her life, Aunt Sarah felt the arms of Celia Barden around her neck.

Happiness reigned supreme.

"As a nucleus for the formation of our new society," remarked Milton, "we shall have—let's see, first——"

"Why, a packer and his son. His estimable wife and daughters!" exclaimed Philip Ray.

"An attorney-at-law and his bride," observed Milton.

"A Board of Trade magnate and his wife," said Joseph Barden.

"Aunt Sarah, a friend of lovers in trouble," added Agnes.

"Little Miss Celia," exclaimed the happy grandmother, holding the infant aloft.

"Oh, yes," cried the packer, "Reverend Morris Hope of Rockford must also be added.

"One more, though I foresee we must lose our Agnes as the result," said Celia, "Howard Merrill, M. D."

"What!" cried Cora, "Agnes, you also to wed?"

"Never again in the dark, sister," said Agnes, blushing.

"Or in the summer house," remarked her brother.

"I am not quite sure," said the packer, "but that, after all, we owe much of our present happiness to the summer house marriage. It sent Milton off with his heart bounding with joy. Lilly was nearly heartbroken; but we soon rectified that. Agnes, after all, was the greatest sufferer. I think for the time she nearly lost her mind. The harrowing fear that she really was a wife instead of a sister, was almost too much for her to bear."

"Oh, but was she not happy when Philip and I told her on our wedding night that Lilly was her brother's happy bride, and had been for months," said Ella.

"How did you feel, sister, when I clasped you in my arms and exclaimed, 'Good-by, my little bride?'"

"Feel! Oh, Milton! I felt—I felt that you loved Lilly Ray as you did your life. It nearly killed me; but, now, like father, I think all was for the best, and I bless the night of the summer house marriage."

"There is Martha's summons," observed Celia. "Tea is ready, and I am glad of it. I cannot bear to think of how cruel I was. Lilly, dear, I shall ever love you as a daughter. There, my namesake is sound asleep. Lead the way to the table, Joseph. I will place her in charge of Martha and join you."

"Little Celia's face worked wonders," whispered the packer to Aunt Sarah, as he conducted her to the dining room. "I knew it would be so. God bless the child!"

Five minutes later Celia joined them and a happier family circle was never formed around a dining table than at that midnight repast. Lilly had found a way to the heart of her mother-in-law.

(The end.)

More Need for Prayer.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you.

The Patient—Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well an' then pray fer Casey.

New Life to Weak Men.

Old Men Made Young Again — Weak Men Find Old-Time Strength and Power of Youth.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

To the man who have tried every known remedy to revive their waning power or lost manhood, and have given up in despair, the following message comes as a most

blessed promise. This new discovery restores all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness, resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts. It gives the warmth, strength and development just where it is needed, and cures at once all the ills and troubles that come of years of misuse of the functions, for it has been an absolute success in all cases. A simple request to the State Medical Institute, 3388 Elektron Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind., will bring you one of these free trial packages, in a plain wrapper, without any marks to identify its contents or where it comes from. The Institute has had so many inquiries from men who are unable to leave home or their business to be treated, that it has perfected this splendid home treatment and sends it in free trial packages to all parts of the world to show just how easy and simple it is to be cured at home of any sexual weakness when this marvelous new sexual discovery is employed. The Institute makes no restrictions and any man who writes will receive by mail a free trial of this wonderful remedy absolutely free. Those who write need have no fear of any publicity as the State Medical Institute is an old established institution, incorporated by the State for 50 years.

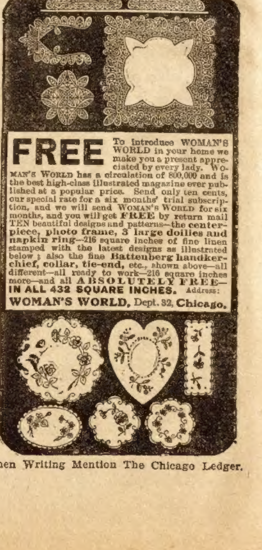
BLOOD POISON

New secret remedy absolutely unknown to the profession. Permanent cures in 15 to 35 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantee; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or pay expense of coming, railroad and hotel bills, and make no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury or iodide potash and still have aches and pains, mucous patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper-colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair and eyebrows falling out; it is this Secondary Blood Poison that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our magic remedy and we have $500,000 behind our unconditional guarantee. Write us for 100-page book and absolute proofs. We have no branch offices. Always use full address, as follows:

COOK REMEDY COMPANY,
1730 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Illinois.

COOK REMEDY CO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



FREE To introduce WOMAN'S WORLD in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a six months' trial subscription, and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD for six months, and you will get **FREE** by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the **center-piece, photo frame, 3 large doilies and napkin ring**—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine **Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end,** etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all **ABSOLUTELY FREE— IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES.** Address:

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 32, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Queer Stories.

In one of the northwest provinces of India a small garrison of English troops was besieged. A compact force was sent to relieve it. After struggling through mountain passes knee-deep in snow it succeeded but was compelled to remain in occupation of the relieved garrison town for months and communication was difficult. When summer came the officer in charge of the relieving force was anxious to know what honors had been conferred on himself and his men. He wore out the patience of the field and helio staff with his queries. At last a sapper subaltern at the base determined to stop the demands. He drew up a bogus list of honors and signaled it to the relief force, little thinking he was dealing with the chief of the expedition. He raised the chief to the peerage and distributed the other honors so judiciously and naturally that the message was published in the orders of the day by the chief, who took on himself the title and style of baron. He also sent the news by wire to Simla, where his wife took on the style and title of a wife of a peer. This lasted ten days, after which things happened to the facetious sapper subaltern.

—

Lord Selbourne of the British admiralty, who recently went for a short trip into the English Channel on board the Revenge, did well not to hoist his flag as first lord of the admiralty. One first lord did so once and after waiting an hour for the fleet to get under way he went to the admiral—he was on board the flagship—and demanded to know the reason for the delay. "Waiting for orders, sir," was the response. "What orders?" "Your orders, sir," said the admiral, politely. "Your flag is hoisted." "Well, get under way, then." "Yes," said the admiral; "what signal will you have hoisted?" But here the minister gave way and hauled down his flag. He was not equal to maneuvering a squadron.

—

There is a story in the French army of a captain who made a wager one day that a drummer of his company could eat a whole calf. The drummer, proud of his distinction, promised to do honor to the captain's compliment. Accordingly a calf was prepared in various appetizing ways and was being promptly disposed of by the drummer. When he had finally consumed about three-quarters of the repast he paused for another draft of wine, and, placing his knife and fork on his plate, said to his superior officer, "You had better have the calf brought on, had you not, for all these little kickshaws will end in taking up room."

The House He Represented.

Bishop Watterson tells a story of how he was once taken for a drummer by a traveling salesman who was riding on the same train. "What house do you represent?" he was asked.

"Lord & Church," replied the bishop.

"H'm!" mused the drummer; "never heard of it. Any branch house?"

"Branch houses all over the world," said the man of God, easily.

"That's queer," went on the drummer, who began to think he had run across a boastful representative of some small concern. Er—boots and shoes?"

"No," said the bishop.

"Dry goods?" asked the drummer, beginning to display irritation.

"Well, no," said the bishop, "some folks call 'em notions."

Billy's Beeattitoods.

By Willie Smartweed.

Blessud iz thee henpecked man, fur hee noes hee haz reached thee limmut of suffuring.

Blessud are thee sick, fur they git jellies dainty stough to eet.

Blessud are thee foolish, fur they are in thee majority in enny kommunity.

Blessud iz thee bo-legged man, fur hee hain't nock-neeed.

Blessud iz the man whoo dize befour hiz wedding day, fur then hee don't haf too eet thee bride's cooking.

Blessud are thee wickud, fur they have moar fun than awl thee rest put toogeather.

Blessud are thee poleecemun, fur they can slug peepel and not get pintched.

Blessud are thee littel babies, fur they don't haf to war hi kollars and tite shoos.

Blessud iz thee man with a short noze, fur it don't shaide hiz musstash.

Blessud are thee blined, fur they don't haf too reed this stough.

He Made Himself Scarce.

The Goose (awfully frightened)—Great heavens! Are you a ghost?

The Turkey Gobbler (smiling)—Not on your goose flesh! I'm the real white and dark meat, to say nothing of the drumsticks, thank you.

The Goose—But how in the world did you escape the massacre? I thought turkeys were awfully scarce this year?

The Turkey Gobbler—They were. I was about the scarcest thing you ever saw from a week before Thanksgiving till New Year's night.

Very Likely.

Wife (looking up from paper)—What was "Hobson's choice," anyway?

Husband—Mrs. Hobson, I suppose.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir, two cents. Address: L. A. LOWRY, P.O. Box 1801-09, DENVER, Colo.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A POSITIVE CURE
FOR MEN ONLY WITHOUT... ...MEDICINE
Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies
Will Cure the Most Obstinate Cases.
No Nauseous Doses. Price $1.50.
Sold by Druggists. Send for Circular.
Address J. C. ALLAN CO.,
P. O. BOX 2996, - NEW YORK
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Blood Poison Cured Free.

A Wonderful New Discovery Has Been Made that Cures the Blood Poison that Makes Ulcers and Copper-Colored Spots and Eats Flesh, Bone and Hair.

The Illustrations above Plainly Show What This Grand Discovery Will Do in From 10 to 20 Days.

No matter how bad your case of blood poison may be, no matter in what stage of syphilis you may be, we can cure you quickly and permanently. We have treated cases with the legs drawn up over onto the chest, the body covered with ulcers, the hair gone, the internal organs badly damaged, the brain affected, and the bones of the nose and throat involved. In two weeks the sores were dried and healed, the limbs had become flexible, and in a very short time the patient was completely cured.

A trial package, sufficient to convince the most skeptical mailed free in plain wrapper. Write to-day. State Medical Institute, 4164 Elektron Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

DICE & CARDS Expert work. Catalogs free. H. Smith & Co., 128 Clark St., Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

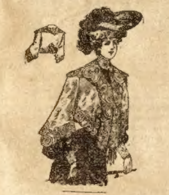
MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH
The Great Secret Writing System
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

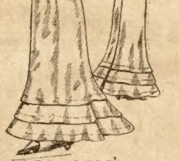
Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

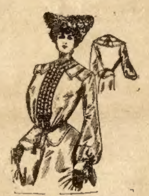
REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.



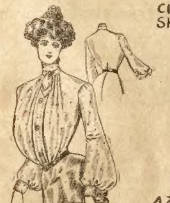
4388 BOX ETON 32-40 BUST.



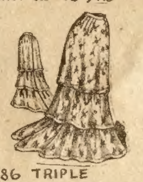
4380 MISSE'S CIRCULAR TUCKED SKIRT 12-16 YRS



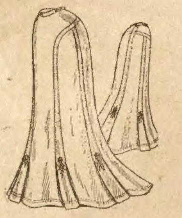
4384 BLOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST.



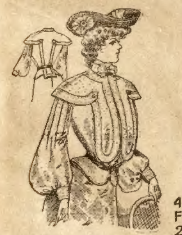
4381 SHIRT WAIST 34-44 BUST



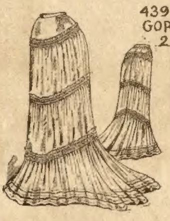
4386 TRIPLE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



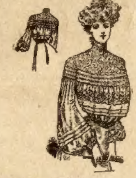
4396 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



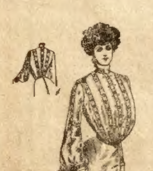
4382 MISSES BLOUSE JACKET 12-16 YRS.



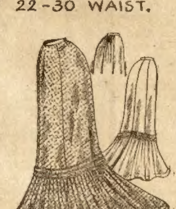
4398 SHIRRED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



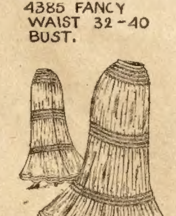
4385 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST.



4383 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST



4405 FIVE GORED SKIRT 22 30. WAIST.



4403 MISSE'S TUCKED SHIRRED SKIRT 12-16 YRS.

8 Ever Blooming ROSES FREE

TO get you interested we will send you **absolutely free, all charges** prepaid, the following eight roses: They are not cheap, common roses; they are the choicest and most famous varieties. They are healthy, well-rooted plants; well packed, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition; accompanying each lot of plants there are full directions for planting, care, etc.

CLIMBING METEOR—It has been called perpetual blooming, climbing, General Jacqueminot. It is a free, persistent bloomer, and will make a growth of from 10 to 15 feet in a season; in bloom all the time. Its flowers, deep, rich red and are much larger than Meteor and are richer in color. It is just the rose to train up the veranda or around windows.

THE BRIDE—The largest white ever-blooming rose grown. The color is a delicate creamy white, very full flowers, measuring from 3½ to 4 inches in diameter.

DUCHESS DE BRABANT—This rose combines exquisite perfume, beautiful coloring and a matchless profusion of flowers and foliage. Soft, light rose, with heavy shading of amber and salmon.

BRIDESMAID—The bud is of exquisite shape and contour, so solid and firm, and stems are so long and stiff that no other rose will compare with it in keeping qualities after being cut. It is a bright pink, and is the same color all the time, under every condition of the weather and surroundings.

CLOTHILDE SOUPERT—It is a strong, vigorous grower. The flowers are large, double and beautiful in form, borne in sprays, and the color blends from a soft-shell pink to a pure satiny white.

THE UNIQUE ROSE, MME. FRANCESKA KRUGER—The striking color of this handsome rose places it at once in the front as a bud producer in the open air. In its shading of deep, coppery yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The flower, when open, is of good size and very symmetrical. One of the finest roses to plant in masses and clumps.

SAFRANO—Bright apricot-yellow, changing to orange and fawn, sometimes tinted with rose; valued highly for its beautiful buds; fragrant and a rampant grower.

MARIE VAN HOUTTE—Pale yellow, edge of petals often lined with rose, well formed, of good habit, and in every respect a most charming sort. The finest Tea Rose for outdoor culture.

All we ask of you is that you secure a club of three yearly subscribers for WOMAN'S WORLD at our special combined club rate of 50 cents for three yearly subscriptions. Send the names and addresses of the three subscribers and enclose 50 cents, and we will have shipped you at any time you desire the set of eight beautiful roses as described above, carefully packed, all charges prepaid, free. The regular club subscription rate for WOMAN'S WORLD is 25 cents, but we are making a special combined rate of 50 cents for three subscribers on this offer. We are making this extraordinary offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, which is the best high-class magazine ever published at a popular price.

Remember, you can secure for us as many subscribers as you can, and for each club of three we send you free **another set of 8 beautiful roses**, as described above, all charges paid. Begin your work at once. When sending your clubs, state when you want to plant, and we will have the roses sent at that time. Copies of WOMAN'S WORLD sent you on request. Address.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. M, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED *TO SELL THE* BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name..

Street.................................... *Town*... ....

Date.. *State*...

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus's Dance, or Vertigo, have children, relatives, friends or neighbors that do so, or know people that are afflicted, my New Treatment will immediately relieve and PERMANENTLY CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for my FREE TREATMENT and try it. It has CURED thousands where everything else failed. Will be sent in plain package absolutely free, express prepaid. My Illustrated Book, "Epilepsy Explained," FREE by mail. Please give name, AGE and full address. All correspondence professionally confidential.

W. H. MAY, M. D.,
94 Pine Street. New York City.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SWEET ANNIE. Over 150 other songs, words and music only 10c. B. Winkleman Co., Clyde, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TELLS FUTURE in love, business and marriage, with Photo of future husband or wife. Send 10c. birth date, to Prof Morse, Box 2519, Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PATENTS 48-p. book FREE. Long experience. FITZGERALD Co., Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A SURE SHOT FOR BED BUGS. Send 50 cts. to C. F. JONES, Box 151, BUNA, TEXAS, and I will send you something that will kill every bug in the house.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS, GET BUSY You can earn a watch. A few words among your friends, and it's done. For particulars address IROQUOIS WATCH CO., 118 Harmon Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SEX Controlled before birth. Do you want a boy, or girl? Ancient life treatise; fully explained to married people; for 10 cts., silver or Stamps. Mme. LaFrance, 206 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CALIFORNIA FOR 10¢
6 mo trial. Big Illustrated Mag. Questions Ansd. WESTERN EMPIRE, 52 Times Bldg., Los Angeles

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A POSTAL will bring you a valuable catalogue of 250 illustrations of indispensable household articles. SURETY SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. T, 1924 Columbia Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WALL PAPER
—AT—
ONE CENT A ROLL

For one room in your house if you order paper for two or more rooms from our better papers at 4 cents a roll or higher. Write for FREE SAMPLES. Will send full instructions for measuring rooms, hanging paper, making paste, etc. Address

ENTERPRISE WALL PAPER CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

HAVE YOU INVESTIGATED IDAHO?
It has truthfully been termed THE
LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES!
IN FARMING IT LEADS;
In Mining It Will Soon Be Unexcelled;
ITS CLIMATE IS IDEAL.

Would you like to learn more about the State? If you are looking for a new home for farming write us. If you are interested in the new mining camp, write for our Thunder Mountain folder, then go and see it.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
D. S. SPENCER, A. G. P. & T. A.
Oregon Short Line R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Thunder Mountain
The World's Greatest Gold Camp.
BUY STOCK NOW IN THE
THUNDER MOUNTAIN GOLD COMPANY.
Stock is Full Paid and Non-Assessable.
No Personal Liability.
Our property consists of 20 acres of the best gold bearing ground on Thunder Mountain.
GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR!
We offer 60,000 shares of stock at 10 cents per share for
A SHORT TIME ONLY.
No order accepted for less than $5.00, or fifty shares.

$20,000 has been appropriated by the State of Idaho to build a wagon road to this famous district. It will traverse our property.

We are only five minutes walk from the famous Gold Reef of the Dewey Company, which is valued at five million dollars.

We are the only company offering promoters' stock in Thunder Mountain property. Order today. We reserve the right to withdraw all stock or increase price without notice. No certificate will be issued for more than 1,000 shares. We want the readers of this paper to become interested with us in the great State of Idaho.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Buy stock now and you will refuse $1.00 per share for it within a year. Address

A. C. MOORE, General Manager,
Grangeville, Idaho.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THE DOG-WOOD TREE.

They were just the prettiest babies in the world, so Mother Fan thought as she looked proudly at the three fat little puppies asleep on the blanket in the stable. One was spotted black and white, one was all black except the tip of his tail and the other was almost a pure white.

Mother Fan was very proud of them. Usually she would have curled up beside them and gone to sleep, but today she was worried. She touched their little heads very gently with her red tongue and looked around to see if anybody were watching her. A great danger hung over them. Only that morning when she came back from her breakfast she had seen the stable boys, Tom and Dick, looking toward her box and talking in low tones.

She pricked up her ears to listen and heard them say: "We must drown the little pups before they get much larger."

She knew what that meant. They would take her babies away to the pond, as they had done once before, and she would never see them again. It was quite plain to her that she must get the puppies away before Dick got back. But where could she put them? She was not very strong and the puppies were heavy. If she took them to the house cook would be sure to have them disposed of.

Then she remembered that on the edge of the lawn was a large beech tree. The trunk was hollow and it had an opening about two feet from the ground. The little girl who lived in the great house sometimes played there on sunny afternoons with her dollies.

"The very place for my puppies," thought Mother Fan. "There are sure to be plenty of dry leaves inside for a bed. I will move them this afternoon."

She waited until the men had gone to the fields. Then she woke the puppies and told them that she was going to carry them to a new home.

"You must be very quiet and do just as I tell you to," she said gravely, "or something dreadful may happen to you. I will take Spotty first. Tip and Snowball must wait until I come for them."

"Oh, no!" said Spotty. "I can walk by myself; I am not a baby to be carried."

And off he started. His legs were very fat and wobbly and they would not go right at all. Then he stepped on a thorn and sat down to cry about it. He cried so hard that Mother Fan was afraid some one would hear him.

"Now, you naughty puppy," she said, giving him a little cuff, "will you be good and let mother carry you?"

She took him by the nape of his neck and started for the new home. It does not hurt a puppy or a kitten to be carried this way, and Spotty found it much easier than trying to walk by himself. Yet it was a long way from the stable to the hollow tree, and Fan was very tired when at last she dropped Spotty inside. She lay down outside to rest for awhile; then she started back for the other two.

Left to himself Spotty began to explore. He was sure that he would like the tree much better than the stable. There was a nice soft bed of leaves and plenty of room to play in. He fell down very often and bumped his nose. And once he cried because he pinched his foot in a crack. He was so busy looking about that the time passed very quickly, and he was surprised when he heard his mother and Tip at the door.

She soon came back again with little sister Snowball. This time she jumped in to explore for herself. Everything was nice and dry and she thought with a little sigh of relief that Dick would never think of looking for them there. Little Miss Lucy might find them when she came with her dollies, but Fan was not afraid of her. So she went to sleep contentedly.

At first Fan was very careful not to go near the tree when anyone was in sight, but as the days went by and no one found them, she began to think they were safe for all time.

One day little Lucy and her papa were strolling about the lawn together. Spotty was very anxious to see what these queer people who walked on two legs were like. So he climbed up in the doorway and stared at them. Tip and Snowball wanted to see too, and in struggling to get up they pushed him out. Once outside, he yelped with fear and pain.

Little Lucy was busy making a necklace of pink larkspurs. When she heard Spotty crying she looked up and saw him sitting under the tree.

"Oh, papa," she said, joyfully, "there's a puppy just outside my dolly's playhouse. Let's go and see him.

She was up and away like the wind. "You dear little doggie!" she said, patting Spotty's head, "where did you come from?"

Then she looked inside and saw Fan and the others. Fan pushed them both forward and looked up at Lucy, as much as to say, "You won't take them from me, will you?"

When papa came up he said that he thought the old beech had certainly turned into a dogwood tree. And that is what Lucy called it. She spent a great many happy hours playing in its shade and the puppies knew no other home until they were grown up. PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

Morris Maguire.

CHAPTER I.

O hark to the story of Morris Maguire,
Who fed upon bacon in front of a fire,
Who sat in the kitchen on purpose to be
Prepared on the spot for his dinner and tea.
He slept in the parlor, so people declare,
To save him the trouble of climbing the stair.
He sat on the softest of cushions, it's said,
With one for each elbow and one for his head.
And where is the creature, I beg to inquire,
So fond of his comfort as Morris Maguire?

CHAPTER II.

But sorrow will come from a habit like that,
And Morris grew stout—I may even say fat.
Each night he grew broader, each morning more round,
Till truly his figure was one to astound,
And what was his horror to find as he grew,
The doors were too narrow to let him go through.
And so, like a captive, he sat in his room,
Too fat to get out. What a terrible doom!
And did he escape? Well, I never quite knew.
But what a sad story—supposing it's true!

When The Wolves Came.

"I do not like to leave you alone so long, Mary," exclaimed Orrie Gordon, a hardy young pioneer of the old stock, as he halted irresolutely at the door of his unfinished one-story dwelling, "but we must have meal, or starve; and the only way to get it is to go after it."

"Oh! I guess I can get along fairly well," answered his brave little wife, smiling at his anxiety.

"Well, if you think so, all right," he answered as he swung onto his horse. "The wolves are getting quite troublesome of late."

Before he was hardly out of sight, Mary Gordon found herself wishing that he had not gone. All day long some vague dread oppressed her, and as night approached, it became almost unbearable. After the sun had set and the katydids began their evening serenade, she hung thick blankets at the gapping windows, for they were sashless. As she was about to lift the corner of the last blanket to its accustomed nail, she could just discern, through the gathering dusk, a shadowy form creeping along the edge of the clearing.

"Wolves!" she exclaimed in a hushed voice.

This conclusion was immediately verified by the long-drawn howl of the dreaded timber wolf which was answered by a score of others farther down the trail. With a shudder the young woman turned from the window and lighted a candle going to the bed she gazed anxiously at her two sleeping children. Then she pushed a rude table into the center of the room and placed a chair upon it. Then, going to the bed, she took her children in her arms and, climbing on the chair, placed them on a rude platform composed of a few boards laid on the branches running across the building. With a great effort she drew herself up beside them, kicked the chair down from the table, and waited, waited for she knew not what.

In a few minutes something came sniffing stealthily at the window. Then a long, gray nose brushed under the blanket, and one wolf was in the room. He was quickly followed by another, and soon the room was filled with the snapping, growling pack. One leaped upon the table and strained every muscle to reach the children, but they were too high. Another tried, but failed. And still another. This was continued far into the early hours of morning. Just as Mary Gordon thought she would faint from fear and exhaustion, a great, gaunt animal, the largest of the pack, leaped so near she could feel his hot breath on her cheek. As he fell back to the table, a flash of fire cut the dusk from the farthest window, and the wolf rolled to the floor dead, while Orrie Gordon sprang into the room with clubbed musket. The wolves, unable to compete with their antagonist, slunk through the windows, and scurried into the timber.

"I will never leave you like this again, Mary," said the brave pioneer, as he helped his trembling wife to the floor.

"Not until you get the windows fixed, anyway, Orrie," she answered simply.

Two Masters.

In the primary class of a certain Sunday school the lesson was being reviewed by a visitor. When she finally asked for the Golden Text, a little boy on the back row eagerly raised his hand and proudly repeated: "We cannot serve God and women."

Too Many Zs.

Mother—You are at the bottom of the spelling class again, are you, Dorothy?

Dorothy—Yes, mummy.

"How did that happen?"

"I got too many Zs in scissors."

GINSENG Book free, telling how to invest in the Ginseng industry & double your money. F. B. Mills, Box 60, Rose Hill, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher, Five styles. $2 up. Omnigraph Co. 1039 Cortlandt St. New York

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PATENTS PROTECT YOUR IDEAS. Consultation free. Fee dependent on success. Est. 1864. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., 869 14th St., WASHINGTON

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B2, Lebanon, Ohio

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LEARN the most useful trade in existence for poor man, "barbering." Tools, diplomas, positions and board given graduates. 100 men wanted now. Also classes for Ladies in hairdressing, manicuring, facial massage and chiropody. Write nearest branch Moler College, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Neb.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

I PAY SPOT CASH FOR
MILITARY BOUNTY **Land Warrants**
issued to soldiers of any war. Also Soldiers' Additional Homestead Rights. Write me at once. Address
FRANK H. REGER, Barth Block, Denver, Colo.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FISH ALWAYS BITE THIS Fishing always good if you dip your bait in Walton Compound. Makes good luck absolutely sure. No fancy outfit needed. Twenty-five cents for a Whole Season's Good Fishing. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents. Add's L. H. GEORGE & CO., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE--OPIUM and LAUDANUM HABITS cured by a painless home treatment, endorsed and used by leading physicians. A trial treatment sufficient to convince you, sent free with book of testimonials sealed. Correspondence Confidential. Opa Specialty Co., Dept. 1, San Antonio, Tex

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BUST DEVELOPMENT
Six inches Guaranteed. A home treatment which costs you nothing if it fails. Write today for our beautiful booklet, free to Women. Agents wanted. Address
ACME TOILET PREPARATION CO.
GAY BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE FARMS
The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office. This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timberlands of Washington, the prairie farms of the west, or for fruit farms in the south. Write at once inclosing 25 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO.,
710 Lewis Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$5.98 WHY NOT BUY A **GOLD FILLED** Watch? It costs but a trifle more than a plated one and will wear 10 times longer if you get our new GUARANTEED SPECIAL ladies' or gents' size, stem-wind & set. WARRANTED 20 YEARS. 17 JEWELED Adjusted. Patent regulator. The greatest bargain ever heard of in gold filled watches. You may pay 2 or 3 times as much & not get any better. SPECIAL OFFER: If you write at once we will send this watch with beautiful chain & charm C.O.D. $5.98 with privilege to examine. Don't delay. Address KOHL & CO. 334 Dearborn St., B-17, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

$30.00 VALUE FOR $9.75
FROM MAKER TO WEARER
WE DRESS YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT FOR $9.75

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS and sell direct to wearer at Wholesale price. Write for FREE SAMPLES showing different styles and colors of cloth, tape measure, order blanks and instructions how to measure. Every suit made to order and fit guaranteed. The following is what we give you for $9.75: A suit of clothes made of rich Cheviot, Cassimere or Worsted, in black, stripes, dots or fancy mixtures. Especially woven by America's best woolen mills. There is no fault to find about the style, the fabric or the sewing. Every suit made by experienced tailors, regular tailor's price would be........$25.00

Stylish soft or stiff hat, worth	1.75
Pair newest style lace shoes, worth...	1.75
Shirt, 2 collars and cuffs, worth......	.75
Fancy pattern half hose, worth......	.25
Pair French web suspenders, worth..	.25
Necktie, any style, worth....	.25
Usually sold and well worth.........	$30.00
Our Special Price for Entire Outfit Only	$9.75

Only the maker of thousands of garments daily could make this liberal offer. Write today for Free Samples
M. LIVINGSTON SONS,
Dept. K South Bend, Ind.
REFERENCE: CITIZEN'S NAT'L BANK.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.